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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

NOW GOES OUR LADY TO THE
WOODS.

Now goes our lady to the woods:
 Not that she needeth to take flight:
 Her soul hath its own solitudes—
 Its stars, on the most starless night,
 Its light, on the most sunless day.
 She takes not flight—she goes away
 As quiet, queenly, rare, as here,
 In Babylon, when days are drear,
 She moves about. She does not fly;
 She does not haste; she merely goes—
 To where the dreaming poplar rows
 Look upward to the Milky Way;
 Where men have bliss of stars by
 night,
 Behold the gorgeous sun by day,
 The colored seasons drifting by:
 She takes not flight—but none the
 less
 Doth she rejoice again to catch
 The spaces to her soul, and match
 Her quiet soul with quietness.

F. N.

The Academy.

And he felt in his heart their strange-
 ness,

Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the
 dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door,
 even

Louder, and lifted his head:
 "Tell them I came, and no one an-
 swered,

That I kept my word," he said.
 Never the least stir made the listen-
 ers,

Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness
 of the old house

From the one man left awake;
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stir-
 rup,

And the sound of iron on stone.
 And how the silence surged softly
 backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.
Walter de la Mare.

The Saturday Review.

THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the
 Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed
 the grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor;
 And a bird flew up out of the turret
 Above the Traveller's head;
 And he smote upon the door again a
 second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller,
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill
 Leaned over and looked into his gray
 eyes,

Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the
 moonlight

To that voice from the world of men;
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams
 on the dark stair

That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and
 shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call.

A LAMENT FOR YOUTH.

From the forests of the night,
 From the palace of the day,
 He hath winged a distant flight;
 No more looms he on our sight,
 No more bows he to our sway.
 He was cunning in the mart,
 He was mighty with the sword,
 He was skilled in every art,
 Like a king he dwelt apart,
 And we fathomed not his word.
 Weep for him, each denizen
 Of the valley and the hill,
 Of the forest and the fen!
 For he cometh not again
 To our glory or our ill.
 Wake the echo of the lyre
 And the melody of song
 With a full and tragic fire!
 For our yearning shall not tire
 Till it mourneth sweet and long,
 Till the weary desert's verge
 And the shaggy mountain's head
 And the quiet-crooning surge
 Hear, and answer to the dirge
 Of our Youth that now is dead.

R. T. Chandler.

The Westminster Gazette.

WHAT IS IMPRESSIONISM?

L'admiration de la foule est toujours en raison indirecte du génie individuel. Vous êtes d'autant plus admiré et compris que vous êtes plus ordinaire.—Zola.

The most recent sale of impressionist pictures was held in Paris, in April, 1910, when the widely-known Pellerin collection was dispersed. The prices attained must have come as a startling revelation to people whose attitude *vis-à-vis* this style of painting has hitherto been that of the unbelieving scoffer. Buyers from every civilized country attended, and many and keen were the competitions in bank-notes ere the day closed. Pictures were acquired for the art galleries of the cities of Paris, New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden and Munich, at prices ranging from £1,200 to £15,000. No less a sum than £71,000 was paid for sixteen pictures by Manet alone, many of which were of quite small dimensions, half a dozen of them being pastel drawings.

Twenty years ago, when I first advocated the formation in British galleries of collections of impressionist pictures, these identical works could have been acquired for a fraction—perhaps a fiftieth part—of their present value. Magnificent paintings which literally went a-begging thirty or forty years ago are now changing hands readily at prices up to £20,000. The final test and consecration of excellence—the seal of the Bourse—is thus set upon work around and about which has raged by far the fiercest battle of art and interests which history records.

Naturally such an event as the Pellerin sale has attracted world-wide attention, and has aroused the keenest interest in artistic circles. Feeling that a brief account of the inception and development of impressionist painting might be welcomed by your

readers, I here set down the following lines. Yet to advocate the claims of living painters and present-day art is a thankless business, and no truer words were ever penned by the sage of Brantwood than that "he who would maintain the cause of contemporary excellence against that of elder time must have almost every class of men arrayed against him. The generous, because they would not find matter of accusation against established dignities; the envious, because they like not the sound of a living man's praise; the wise, because they prefer the opinion of centuries to that of days; and the foolish, because they are incapable of forming an opinion of their own."

The subject of Impressionism is one which I have much at heart, and with which I have for the past twenty years been closely associated. It is a subject which, I think readers will agree, requires wider ventilation and consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it in this country. An injustice remains to be righted, for men of superfine talent and grand achievement—foreigners though they be—still await that degree of respect and approbation which is undoubtedly their due, and which English-speaking people, when once the true facts are placed before them, will not be slow to grant. England is, strange to say, the only civilized nation which has hitherto steadfastly refused to recognize the claims of this style of painting. Even the Barbizon school, for sixty or seventy years ostracized, is only just now beginning to make its presence felt in our public art galleries and museums, and that principally through gifts of patriotic people whose pride is touched by the lacuna. Truly, in the matter of aesthetics we are a slow-moving folk.

To be labelled "impressionist" was

once the surest sign of an artist's unpopularity, and the surest and quickest route to poverty and obscurity. Possession of an impressionist picture was held to denote eccentricity greater even than his who should fling his purse over the Tower Bridge and expect to net bank-notes in return.

Art helps us to see. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can see. It has been said that to see clearly is "poetry, prophecy and religion all in one." If that be so we ought all soon to develop into poets, philosophers and saints, for no other form of art is so capable, I believe, as impressionist painting of opening our eyes to the feast of beauty so lavishly spread by Nature.

"Impressionism," says Georges Lecomte, "is worthy our utmost admiration, and we can rationally believe that in the eyes of future generations it will justify this century in the general history of art."

There is a sequence of advance in the art of landscape painting as clearly defined as that which, in the sister art of shipbuilding, has led to the production of our *Dreadnoughts*, *Olympics* and aeroplanes.

To Claude undoubtedly belongs the honor of having been the first artist who ever thought of trying to render upon canvas effects of natural sunlight, or who ever conceived the idea that Nature unadorned might be worthy of study as an art apart. Claude, Poussin and Salvator may be regarded as the inventors of landscape painting, which is therefore but a stripling of some two hundred and fifty summers.

The accomplishment of those three pioneers is, however, incomparably inferior, from whatever point of view regarded, to that of our own countryman, J. M. W. Turner, the refulgence of whose genius has illuminated with undimmed vigor the art of landscape painting for the past century. In fact,

he practically created the art of which he still remains the greatest master. From 1773, then, being the natal year of that colossus amongst artists, dates all that is worthy of emulation in landscape painting.

Now since the greatest triumphs of Impressionism have been won on the field of landscape, it naturally follows that Turner, and in less degree his friend John Constable, are the true inspirers of the school. It derives from them as naturally and as easily as does the river from its mountain source or the flowers of the field from the sunlit sky. Truly has time fulfilled Ruskin's prophecy when he wrote of Turner that "Every day that he lies in his grave will bring some new acknowledgment of his power, and through those eyes, now filled with dust, generations yet unborn will learn to behold the 'Light of Nature.'" For who before Turner "had lifted the veil from the face of Nature? The majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heavens which they adorned and of the earth to which they ministered."

We shall presently see how France, through Turner's eyes, did awake to the beauties revealed by this same "Light of Nature," and how, through France, the world at large has been enlightened. Whilst in England Turner and Constable were striving after light, and more light, ambitious to imprison the sun's very rays upon their canvas, their cross-Channel neighbors were just as ardently engaged upon a system of painting of their own invention, and far removed in objective from that of the Englishmen. *They* resigned themselves to the impossibility of sunlight and atmospheric painting, and took refuge in obscurity. Incredible as it may seem to us, it is nevertheless a fact that no artist's outfit in those days, be he figure or landscape painter,

was complete without its little black convex mirror. Regarding the object to be painted through this instrument, they in very truth rendered Nature as seen through a glass darkly. All the pioneer impressionists even, at the outset of their career, painted in this manner, as their works attest, and Ruskin is not the only art critic who has noted the fact. In proof of this important point, please regard, when chance offers, any pictures by Delaroche, Courbet, Flandrin, Regnault or Couture—who, by the way, actually started his pictures upon a canvas grounded in pure black. This obscurantist Couture was for six years Manet's professor—years marked by continual bickerings between pupil and teacher. All the more credit is, then, due to Manet for having so effectually emerged from the bituminous fog of his time and triumphantly led the van of sun worship in France.

Now Manet was the recognized leader of the impressionists from the year 1860 onwards, and the movement was the consequence of a schism which took place amongst a certain section of French artists, young men of intelligence and high aspiration, endowed with great artistic capabilities. They believed that the principles upon which art was being taught in the schools of the period were wrong, root and branch, and that in consequence the pictorial output of those schools had become unworthy of France's best traditions. Therefore, throwing down the gauntlet, they set themselves the colossal task of proving their theories by convincingly putting them into practice.

After superhuman efforts and with lapse of time they succeeded, and have actually transfigured not only the art of their own country but that of every nation wherein art obtains. The sun now penetrates where gloom held sway, its blessed rays bringing joy to

the saddest of lives and surroundings.

The story of its doing is profoundly interesting. It is a history fraught with all the elements of a dozen thrilling novels, and which for adequate treatment requires a far more skilful pen than mine. For a score of years or more these artists were as evangelists crying aloud in the wilderness—a wilderness of the unbelieving, the envious, the timid and the malicious, whose sole response was mockery, with all its dire consequences. Deaths in the madhouse, from the suicide of despair and from sheer starvation, have marked the progress of impressionist painting, and rightly did Zola say, from the bitterness of his own experience, that "the history of literature and art is a sort of martyrology which recounts the abuse that has covered every new manifestation of the human soul."

Well might Theodore Duret,¹ one of the few enlightened and gallant supporters of the noble band write, from the fulness of his heart: "I think there will be nothing sadder to recount in the whole history of art than the long persecution inflicted upon truly original and creative artists of this country. There is not one of these great painters who has not been misunderstood and followed by taunts and injuries. They have all, without exception, in order to live by the fruit of their labors, had to experience a cruel struggle which has been a real martyrdom, embittering their whole lives." How profound is the wisdom of the Latin adage, *Patitur qui vincit*.

Baudelaire also was more than justified in saying that "Nations have great men in spite of themselves, as do families. They are not desired by either, so that the great man, in order

¹ A far-sighted connoisseur and art critic who with purse and pen has done yeoman service in the cause. His prophetic book, "Critique d'Avant Garde," should be read by all, as also should "Mes Haines," by Zola.

to exist, must needs possess a power of attack greater than the force of resistance developed by millions of individuals." That is a law of Nature, yet evidently there must be an enormous loss of fine temperaments in the process, to the detriment of humanity and injury to the State. France, ever in the van of enlightenment, is now foremost of the nations to recognize this culpable and nationally mischievous waste of genius, and is attempting reform.

Still "art will out," and we have cause to be thankful that it has been reserved for this generation to witness a quite phenomenal artistic revolution. We see the successful issue of a long, acrimonious and desolating struggle between a small band of devoted painters and the world of prejudice and disdain. The artists simply claimed freedom to propagate ideas such as have since so radically changed and enlarged the practice of landscape painting and the right to live modestly by the fruits of their talents and labors. Yet for years those primal necessities even were denied them, and both they and their art would have perished of starvation had not a small body of intelligent critics and far-sighted friends come to their aid. With the conviction of true inspiration, and for close upon half a century, those outsiders resolutely stemmed the tide of public obloquy. Happily a truce is now declared; the *Sturm und Drang* has subsided, and the world acknowledges that these artists have indeed something to show well worth the seeing.

The last barriers of official resistance to impressionist painting in France were levelled during my student days in Paris, when, in 1894, the Government accepted for the Luxembourg Gallery the Caillebotte legacy of some forty pictures, comprising examples by all the leaders of the impressionist movement.

The exciting incidents of that acceptance and victory for the new school will be long remembered by those who took any part in it, and its history will form interesting reading some day. Eminent writers assure us that this movement alone, this group of most gallant painters, have more than justified their century in the tale of art achievement. Plutocrats compete for possession of their works at fabulous prices; the Luxembourg enfolds them *en masse*, enlarging its galleries for this purpose; whilst the Louvre itself has now its quota. We are therefore in the piping times of peace and goodwill, and appreciation is the order of the day.

At this point may I ask those to whom the matter of impressionist painting is entirely new, and who yet desire enlightenment, to come to its study with minds disabused of prejudice. Pray do not pay too much attention to the effect produced upon you by the manner in which some of these modern pictures are painted. They appear strange, and their quality of surface is apt to repel at first sight; mere pigment, however applied, is but the messenger of the sentiment of the subject; a welcome missive is acceptable despite the manner of its conveyance, and Gray's "Elegy" would still charm though written in the veriest schoolboy's scrawl. Bear in mind also that immediate appreciation is the gift of the few, and that the complete signification of impressionist painting can only be conveyed to faculties already receptive and refined.

To how many of us has it been given fully to appreciate a Wagnerian opera upon first audition? Taste and education are necessary preparations for such a feast of the soul. So it is with impressionist painting, whose consideration demands, besides culture, that tolerant and broad-minded spirit of criticism without which progress can

neither be made nor expected. Go again and again to study the pictures, and, remembering that *la peinture sent mauvais*, do not approach too closely the works under review. Given these necessary and none too exacting conditions, and you are assured of finding such new sensations and æsthetic pleasures in impressionist painting as will fully recompense the time and effort given to its study.

Sir Joshua Reynolds did not hesitate to express his conviction that in the future "so much will painting improve that the best we can now achieve will appear like the work of children." Let us hope that our powers of enjoyment will increase in like proportion.

Impressionist painters emanate from no school, and form no school, in the sense which implies master and scholars. On the contrary, being men of strong character and marked individuality, they must be regarded as independent co-workers in a common field of ideas and industry, banded together by friendship and inspired by a common sentiment, each one striving to solve the same eternal problems of light after his own manner.

This independent co-partnership forms one of the most characteristic features of the whole movement. Here we have men as dissimilar as Cézanne and Manet, as Sisley and Monet, Pissarro and Renoir, assiduously pursuing an ideal, without present hope of fee or reward and in face of the most violent public opposition and consequent personal privation.

At the outset of their crusade, and for long years afterwards, those men were, with one single exception, minus friends and fortune, power in the State, in the Press, or in the mart. All that, and much more, had to be created, together with their art itself. Surely it was no ordinary idea which could so irresistibly have moved them to such

tremendous efforts and sustained them in their tribulations! Nor was it. Regard their pictures, for the proofs are there; the idea has crystallized and is at your service.

Now the pioneers of Impressionism are constituted much as the pioneers in any other vocation. They have been especially equipped by Nature for the task which they have been moved to undertake. A casual glance at their physiognomies alone will amply suffice to prove that. They were strong men, physically and mentally, endowed far above the average with talent, and with that indomitable conquering spirit so necessary for original discovery and its development.

The following names are those of some of the painters, poets and writers constituting a remarkably talented coterie of men who, during the winter seasons of several years prior to 1870, nightly foregathered in the Café Guerbois, Paris, for discussion of a new manifestation in art, destined to be known in later years as Impressionism. After the war of 1870 their reunions were held in other cafés of the Montmartre district, notably La Nouvelle Athénée. In those early days they were dubbed "L'Ecole des Batignolles," for the name of the quarter in which their café was situated. Of painters there were Edouard Manet, Claude Monet, Jongkind, Cézanne, Degas and Fantin-Latour, whose life-sized painting of a group of the principal members of the club now adorns the Luxembourg Gallery. As time passed came Harpignies, Pissarro, Henner, Alfred Stevens, Sisley, Raffaelli, Renoir, and many others. Whilst busily at work outside, though ever under the direct influence of the club, were four of the most talented women painters who ever existed: Mesdames Berthe Morisot (a Parisian beauty), granddaughter of Fragonard and Manet's sister-in-law, Marie Bracquemond, Eva

Gonzales, and Mary Cassatt, an American.

Amongst the numerous literary men of talent who also frequented the café and took part in its deliberations were Emile Zola, Baudelaire, Gautier and Duranty, joined from time to time by Theodore Duret, Gustav Geffroy, Philippe Burty, Albert Wolff, and scores of others. A truly brilliant constellation of genius, you will admit, and all for the upbringing of an art as fascinating as it was in the land of its birth despised—a veritable Cinderella of painting, as events have proved.

Whistler, commonly known in this country as an impressionist (though not so on the Continent), occupies a place apart and outside Impressionism proper. He ranks in the same distinguished category as Carrière, Pointelin, Alexander Harrison, and many another, as a painter of tonal values, whose effects are not gotten by the division of tones and the juxtaposition of pure color, but by flat tints of broadly-applied palette mixtures. Whistler, so far as I know to the contrary, never even attempted sunlight painting; certainly, with his habitual sombre palette, such a feat would have been impossible. His use of paint and outlook upon Nature were practically the negation of Ruskin's teachings—hence the great critic's anger; and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not too much to say that in their famous duel-at-law Ruskin was the real impressionist and Whistler the Philistine.

As Impressionism is a fine product of art which appeals only to the intellectual, so it requires for its successful manifestation, the possession, in the highest degree, of the imaginative, analytical and synthetical faculties, coupled with power to feel and to express the strongest spiritual motion and *élan*. Its object is to picture an abstract or *résumé* of the general aspect of things

rather than the mere photographic delineation of actual observed fact.

In a real impressionist picture is found just that quality which is inevitably absent from the work of the mechanic in art. It embodies a comprehensive, all-embracing glimpse of some chosen bit of Nature, glorified in rare and beautiful atmosphere; the impression of some fugitive accidental effect, a poem in color, an almost unbelievable vision of things transitory, seldom given to the ordinary mortal to behold and hitherto denied the greatest of landscapists to portray.

Impressionists endeavor adequately to realize the infinitely beautiful, ever-changing effects of atmosphere. *They affirm the sovereignty of light*, and, if title be necessary, that of *Luminist* would better indicate their aims than that of *Impressionist*.

True artists, and such these impressionists are to a man, will not so paint a flower as to lose sight of the garden, or the twigs of a tree missing the landscape. They have learnt to represent the *ensemble*, to select and summarize, and to subordinate detail to the effect of the whole; to get at the pith of a scene, ignoring the thousand and one distracting elements of prolific Nature which puzzle and distract the average painter of things *that are*. As the wizard of the "Butterfly Mark" has observed: "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit upon the piano."

Impressionists are consummate draughtsmen, as innumerable portrait and figure pieces, etchings and pastel drawings amply attest. They have passed years of their lives in academic study, and are in every possible way a fully equipped and intellectually capable body of men. Finding themselves greatly hampered with the palette of colors fashionable in their day, they gradually reformed the same by

the exclusion of all blacks, browns, ochres, and muddy colors generally, and abandoned the use of bitumen, asphaltum and siccatives. The colors retained were those nearest approaching the prismatic tints, as being best capable of rendering the shimmer and palpitation of dazzling sunlight.² They sought in Nature simple compositions, and these they set down upon canvas more by the modelling of the mass than by actual lines and spots. Values and envelopment are especially studied. Flat tints having been found insufficiently convincing, impressionists made the great discovery (which alone renders painters for ever indebted to them) that strong light dissolves tones; that the sun's rays, reflected by objects, tend, from their very brilliancy, to dissipate the prismatic tints, and that therefore only by juxtaposition of pure colors could sunlight effects be adequately rendered.

When you take your next constitutional in the country, please observe and compare the effect upon your mind of some chosen bit of landscape in the natural coloration of a gray day and the same scene illuminated to discoloration by the sun's too ardent rays. In the utilization of this discovery extraordinary results have been obtained.

The distinguishing feature, then, the hall-mark, as it were, of impressionist painting is the analysis and division of tones and their application to canvas by means of dots, dabs, twirls or lines of pure color, juxtaposed in such a manner that they will at a certain distance recompose themselves in the eye and mind of the spectator and produce a vividly strong resemblance of the particular atmospheric effect which it has been desired by the artist to convey.

² Here is a palette of colors, which, although simple, is capable, in the right hands, of doing anything. Three tints of cadmium (or chrome). Three tints of madder. Vermillion. Cobalt. Cobalt violet. French ultramarine. Emerald oxide of chromium. Blanc d'argent.

A startlingly effective example of the justification of this method came under my notice in London a little time ago.³ The new Lumière color photography was under demonstration, a man's portrait being the object-lesson upon the screen. His collar stood out particularly bright and white, yet no white was there. Upon close examination of the screen the effect was found to be due to the presence of some thousands of juxtaposed dots of three pure colors, viz., grass-green, scarlet, and bluish-violet. These three tints had combined, and formed in the eye and mind of the spectators the effect of dazzling white, thus establishing beyond shadow of doubt the accuracy of that chief fundamental law of impressionist painting which has hitherto been most ridiculed, namely, the principle of the juxtaposition of pure tints of color.

Modern painters acknowledge that the sun shines for them also; that he is, indeed, their greatest benefactor, no longer to be treated as the arch enemy which, until quite recent years, the masters would have us believe him to be. Before the days of Turner and Constable you will search the museums in vain for any proof in the pictures therein of consideration of light for light's sake, or of any enjoyment in the poetry of the sun. Only in Turner at his best can be seen anything approaching these modern miracles of sunlight painting.

Just as the pictures of these luminists are things apart, immediately distinguishable wheresoever met with, so is the technical method of their production extraordinary. We are particularly struck by two salient features of the methods of the school. First is the simplicity of the subject-matter—the skeleton, as it were, upon which the effect desired to be conveyed is

³ New Gallery, Royal Photographic Society's Annual Salon, September 25th, 1907.

hung; and, secondly, the number of repetitions upon separate canvases of the same composition or set of lines under different atmospheric effect—the painting by series, in fact. Yet this is by no means a new idea. It was advocated by Ruskin long years ere Manet or Monet appeared upon the scene, as may be read in the preface to the second edition of “Modern Painters”—the artists’ Bible.

France has been called “the interpreter of England to the human race.” It is, of course, a highly debatable point as to whether or no we can allow that astute axiom of Macaulay’s its full face value. (Pregnant subject for debating societies.) The first impulse of those who know France best is to deny the imputation *in toto*, and to set it down as simply another proof of insular egotism. Yet the more one reflects upon the matter, the more one searches the files of time for proofs of confirmation or refutation, the more strongly is it borne in upon one that in writing those words Macaulay acted neither in haste nor in malice, but with profound conviction of their veracity and in fearlessness of disproof.

In the domain of literature, particularly upon its philosophic side, independent and authoritative writers claim that from the days of Shakespeare right down to modern times the preponderance of original talent has lain with this country. A recent convert to this opinion appears to be Monsieur Emile Faguet, who, after noting Richardson’s enormous influence upon the French novelists, writes as follows in his instructive “Literary History of France.” The latest English idol of the French is John Ruskin. “For ten years Ruskin has been read in France with passionate eagerness; he is translated, commented upon, paraphrased, re-arranged. It is not beyond the range of possibility that the influ-

ence of Ruskin in France has created a new religion, which may be called Kalolatrie.” Why this extraordinary title I cannot say. Now this brings me to the starting-point of my hypothesis with regard to the very intimate connection which exists between English ideas and impressionist painting. I desire to point out certain interesting and important facts of origins which appear to have been almost entirely overlooked.

I was led to inquire deeply into all this through a chance remark let fall by Claude Monet during an interview in the Café Royal, London, in February, 1900, I being at the time engaged upon the preparation of a series of magazine articles upon the subject of modern painting, whilst Monet was daily absorbed, at the Savoy Hotel, the St. George’s Hospital and elsewhere, in the production of a remarkable series of Thames pictures.

We were discussing Turner’s and other British artists’ inadequate appreciation of the scenic and atmospheric splendors of London, when he turned to me and said, “Have you ever studied Ruskin or read George Moore?” Startled by the question, I briefly replied that I had done both, and immediately fell into a mood of reverie, linking up in my mind the connection which might or might not exist between Ruskin’s writings and Monet’s paintings, for up to that time I had always regarded Ruskin as strongly antagonistic to Impressionism. Yet not so, for what do we find? Simply this, that *ninety per cent. of the theory of impressionist painting is clearly and unmistakably embodied in one book alone of all Ruskin’s voluminous output, namely, in his “Elements of Drawing.”*

That book forms a magnificent compendium of the art of impressionist painting, and ought to be in the hands of every art student and connoisseur, especially as it can now be possessed

for the insignificant sum of one shilling—maybe even for one penny. It is worth the ransom of kings. The very title with which the public has seen fit to designate the efforts of the artists composing the movement under review derives from Ruskin.

Three years after the Café Royal incident, namely, in December of 1903, Robert de la Sizeranne alone, of either native or foreign critics, noticed the close affinity of Ruskinism and Impressionism in the *Revue de l'Art*, wherein he styled Ruskin the "prophet" of Impressionism, giving very cogent reasons for so doing.⁴ Indeed it is not too much to say that had Ruskin set himself the task of illustrating Manet and Monet as he has done Turner, or had those artists set themselves to exemplify and justify the philosopher, neither could have better succeeded. Upon the one hand stands Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," upon the other Manet's "Olympia" and Monet's "Haystacks"; the two are indissoluble complementaries.

Furthermore, had Ruskin been gifted with the ability to paint as well as he could write, to put into practice aesthetic theories he expounded with such extraordinary clairvoyance, there is, in my mind, little doubt but that he would have ranked as first and foremost of impressionist painters. Facts all point to that conclusion. As things stand he has delegated to Frenchmen the Turnerean mantle which might easily have fallen to his lot. "The Elements of Drawing," issued in 1857, may be regarded as an enlarged epitome upon the practical side of the axioms and teachings scattered throughout the various volumes of Ruskin's writings issued from 1843 onwards.

The publication of those books created a tremendous European sensa-

tion, and it is perhaps too much to suppose that such informative and suggestive volumes would be entirely ignored by wide-awake intellectual

Manet and

neither or no either

The Elements

of Drawing" existed in translated form I cannot say, and the point is of little consequence.⁵ English reading and speaking Frenchmen and English artists *confrères* have existed in Paris since time immemorial. Manet at least was a college man and Bachelor of Arts, and so would speak our language, and it is upon record that Ségantini founded his art upon Ruskinian principles.

At the time of the publication of "The Elements of Drawing" Manet was painting in gray-black tones, a result of Couture's influence, whilst Monet was still working under Boudin's lead and producing pictures of harbors and shipping in and around Honfleur, which, compared to subsequent work, are black as the proverbial hat.

The sight, however, of Turner's and Constable's pictures, frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon and in London, coupled in all likelihood with the study of Ruskin's clear exposition of their underlying principles, and the sojourn of Monet, Pissarro and others in London in 1870, were undoubtedly the foundation and starting-point of the brilliantly successful phase of art

⁵ Just on the eve of publication of this article, the following interesting and most significant information has become known to me.

In 1864 Mons. Gerault-Ballière, of Paris, published a book under the title of "L'Esthétique Anglaise—Etude sur M. John Ruskin, par M. J. Milsand . . . donne sur le préraphaélisme anglais des vues générales et une intéressante critique.

Readers will remember that the Impressionist movement proper germinated in, or about, 1864. Furthermore, in 1900 Mons. H. E. Cross published a translation of Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," a book which, he says, every artist ought to be acquainted with. Mr. Cross is one of the founders and chief exponents (in company with M. M. Signa and Séaurat, now styled Post-Impressionists), of the "Neo-Impressionist" school of painting.

⁴ See also pp. 256, 263 of this author's "Ruskin et la religion de la Beauté."

now known to the world as Impressionism.

So that, by way of proof of Macaulay's axiom, France has once again, and this time in the field of the art of painting, become "the interpreter of England to the human race." Yet to the Ruskinian creed of Impressionism must be added a strange and exotic ingredient, for to the art of England was added a pinch of that of Japan. From Japanese color prints and the gossamer sketches on silk and rice-paper which for the past half-century have permeated French commerce the impressionists learnt the manner of painting scenes viewed from an altitude, with the curious perspective which results. Pissarro, in particular, has successfully applied this. They grasped the significance of elementary subjects and of fewer gradations of tonal values. By these means they found confirmation in actual practice of Ruskin's suggestions in "The Elements of Drawing" and elsewhere for simpler lines and homelier subjects.

We cannot, I think, go far wrong if we accept John Ruskin's guidance in matters of taste. He possessed the artistic temperament, and fortified it by a lifetime's loving study and devotion to matters æsthetic, coupled with an inspired diction unequalled since Shakespeare's time. England may well be proud of him. No man more than he understood the value of words. Every sentence he wrote is meaningful, compact, and lucidly stated in phrases, words and stops which constitute veritable legal documents of art teaching. Into these sentences no two interpretations can be read or supposed even by the malevolent. The Bible, it has been said, can support a hundred conflicting religions; not so the gospel of art according to Ruskin, which is one law, fiercely final and irrevocable.

In briefly tracing the extraordinary

analogies which exist between Ruskin's theories, founded principally, it must be remembered, upon Turner's practice, and Impressionism, I shall confine myself almost exclusively, for brevity's sake, to the great critic's wonderful book upon "The Elements of Drawing." Students will easily be able to enlarge upon this in the same author's "Modern Painting," "Stones of Venice," "The Oxford Lectures," and elsewhere.

As the matter is too technical to interest lay readers, I shall but indicate the direction of a few leading analogies. Ruskin clearly perceived that "if any production of modern art can be shown to have the authority of Nature on its side, and to be based on eternal truths, it is all so much more in its favor, so much further proof of its power that it is totally different from all that have been seen before."⁶

It must be admitted that impressionist painting comes under that heading; certainly nothing before has been seen like it, and it distinctly has the authority of Nature on its side. Every great master of art creates his own style, which, differing from others, can neither be fully understood nor copied by the uninitiated. He has also to create his own audience, a still more difficult feat. Therefore quite an education is needed, and education is a matter of time. No less than forty years have been required for public acceptance of impressionist painting.

Five of the basic tenets of these modern painters may be summarized as follows. Naturally there are many others, but space is limited:—

First, the painting by the mass, which comprises simplified light and shade.

Secondly, colored shadows, including notation of the purple tints in Nature.

Thirdly, atmospheric effects and the

⁶ See Preface to Vol. I, "Modern Painters."

use of opaque color in purest tint juxtaposed.

Fourthly, composition, with its rhythm of line and roundness of touch.

Fifthly, sea and tree painting and the rendering of herbage and foliage.

Hear, then, what the great critic has to say regarding the first of these—the painting by the mass. It reads precisely as though, after scrutinizing some picture by Manet or Monet, he had set himself to write as follows:—“A good artist habitually sees masses, not edges, and can in every case make his drawing more expressive by rapid shade than by contours, so that all good work whatever is more or less touched with shade and more or less interrupted in outline.”

The quotation is too long to give in its entirety, but its significance is great. I will not labor the point, but if what I have just read and its context does not in a marvellously clear manner define the artistry of Manet's “Olympia,” amongst many other examples, then I am at a loss to find a better analogy, and my contention falls to the ground.

I do not single out this picture as typical of the impressionist practice, for it does not even exhibit the most characteristic mark of the method, viz., that of the division of tones of color. I mention it as being one of the earliest, most noticeable, and most easily reachable of Manet's works, wherein for the first time in French painting are exemplified Ruskin's teachings in the matter of subordination of shadow-detail and the apparent attenuation of all shadow values. In fact, the “painting by the mass” in light tones of color.

Claude Monet was the first, and is still the chief, of those who use the idea in landscape painting. I refer particularly to his snow and ice scenes, and all the haycock, poplar and cathedral series of pictures. That exqui-

site piece of painting, the “Olympia,” created an extraordinary sensation at the time of its appearance, and was the *casus belli* of some of the most violent battles of interest ever engaged upon in the field of art. It was contemptuously thrown out by the Salon jury, and came near to causing the murder of its author. Open ridicule and insult met him at every turn in the street and in every café he entered, culminating in a duel with his one-time literary friend Duranty, out of which the artist emerged victorious. All this for having had the audacity to perpetrate a *chef d'œuvre* of painting. Yet the strain of the long-continued hostility galled him to the quick, and he died prematurely on the very threshold of triumph—a brilliant soul ruthlessly sacrificed to the Juggernaut of art.

However, taste has improved since then, a more tolerant spirit prevails, and “Olympia” now hangs upon the line in the galleries of the Louvre, close by several of Ingres' masterpieces of painting of the female nude. Comparison between Manet and the Ingres forms one of the most instructive lessons in high art to be found in the whole of that superb museum. In brief, Manet completely and triumphantly eclipses his rival.

Now as to the second special quality which has been noted as distinguishing impressionist painting—colored shadows, to wit. Impressionists have noted sunlight's emphatic insistence upon shadow and how that shadow is invariably colored, despite the teaching of the careless or the color-blind, who, ignoring modern science and the research of men of genius, would still have us paint these shadows black as night and sharp as steel.

Hear what Ruskin has to say about this as far back as 1843, thus proving conclusively, even had not Turner's work exemplified it, that the theory existed long before it was put into

practice by the impressionists. "It is an absolute fact," said Ruskin, "that shadows are as much color as lights are, and whoever represents them by merely the subdued or darkened tint of the light represents them falsely. I particularly want you to observe that this is no matter of taste, but fact." There is much more writing to the same effect, but at that emphatic statement I think we can leave the matter.

Impressionists are frequently found fault with on account of their painting of violet shadows and the general purplish tint of many of their pictures. Yet, if truthful effect is to be given, that purplish tinge and those violet shadows are demanded. Sisley, amongst others, has captured many such charming effects.

Ruskin well knew this, for he says: "The quantity of gray and purple in Nature is, by the way, another somewhat surprising subject of discovery." Had the critic lived in France he would certainly have remarked this phenomenon in much greater degree there than here. I myself, together with all the French innovators, have noted and painted the fact for years.

I remember distinctly, during the summer of 1901, at Les Andelys-on-Seine, that upon two days and for two hours during the afternoons of those days all Nature, animate and inanimate, bore the aspect of things seen under a strong glare of violet light, exactly as though a tinted glass were suspended between the sun's rays and the earth. The effect was most curious and disturbing. Nature appeared to be toneless and flat. High lights and shadows were attenuated almost to extinction, whilst in this dull purple glare the heat became more intense than ever, possibly through lack of wind, for all was still.

With regard to the third, distinguishing quality of impressionist painting—

color—pure, brilliant, harmonious coloration. Here again the analogy between Ruskin's teaching and the impressionist practice is absolutely amazing. "You may," says Ruskin, "in the time which other vocations leave at your disposal, produce finished, beautiful and masterly drawings in light and shade. But to color well requires your life. It cannot be done cheaper. Nothing but the devotion of a life and great genius besides can make a colorist. If you sing at all you must sing sweetly, and if you color at all you must color rightly. Noble men learned their lesson nobly. The base men also, and necessarily, learn it basely. The great men rise from *color* to *sunlight*. The base ones fall from color to candlelight."

So it would appear from the foregoing that the greatest art of the greatest colorists must be applied to sunlight painting. It is also clear that Manet, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, and subsequently those artists whom they have most strongly influenced, such as Le Sidaner, Gagliardini, Besnard, Montenard, Chabas, La Touche, Twatchman, Sorella, Emile Claus, Mark Fisher, Childe Hassam, Segantini, Liebermann, La Thangue, G. Clausen, Arnesby Brown, Edward Stott, and many others, have risen to the occasion and have succeeded in imprisoning in paint many beautifully convincing manifestations of sunlight effect.

Now, however, comes a paragraph which completely epitomizes one of the most characteristic features of impressionist painting—that of the juxtaposition of pure tints of color. Ruskin wrote it years before the appearance of impressionist pictures as we now know them. The Pre-Raphaelites alone, of all the artists in the world, were at the time partially applying the system, as follows:—

"In distant effects of rich subject,

wood, or rippled water or broken clouds, much may be done by touches or crumbling dashes of rather dry color, with other colors afterwards put cunningly into the interstices. The more you practice this, when the subject evidently calls for it, the more your eye will enjoy the higher qualities of color. The process is, in fact, the carrying out of the principle of separate colors to the utmost possible refinement: *using atoms of color in juxtaposition*, instead of large spaces."

For striking examples of results to be attained by this method see Monet's series of "Poplar Trees" and "Haystacks in Sunlight"; observe the darkened edges of the trunks and leaves where the highest light pours around them, and note also the quality of paint by which that light is arrived at, and particularly study the shadows cast by those leaves, trees and stacks. All this must surely come as a revelation to most people, even to professional artists.⁷ Never have Ruskin's theories been more convincingly put into practice than by Monet's practice, and never has pioneer artist's practice been so triumphantly vindicated and confirmed as by Lumière's scientific demonstrations in color photography.

I am compelled to cease my analogies here, but the student who will trouble to dig into "The Elements of Drawing" will discover how, in the matter of composition, of touch, of tree drawing, and the rendering of sea and sky, Rus-

kin's theories form the very foundation of impressionist painting; and no better origin can be desired.

To sum up and rebut much irresponsible criticism. An impressionist picture worthy the title is highly finished—for that which is completed is finished. It is definite as the solution of a problem of Euclid. It is so full of knowledge that only people of cultivated taste can fully appreciate its merit. It is subtle, refined and of infinite resource. It is a vital art.

It is a cheerful, optimistic picture, nobly uplifting, good and healthy to live with—a veritable antidote to the blues. Indeed, so charming is it that throughout a lifetime's association it retains its power of evoking pleasurable emotion. It never palls. One is attracted by its freedom and freshness, for at a single glance one perceives the art to be the outcome of a joyful spirit, untrammelled by fetters of tradition or the theories of schollasts.

Finally, we have in impressionist pictures an unconventional rendering of Nature. We almost feel the vibration and palpitation of light and heat; they are fresh, radiant and sweet as a nose-gay of spring flowers, and give a marvellously deceptive appearance of open air and movement which must be seen to be believed. The cult of sun-worship, of joy in sparkling color, of pure health-giving open-air art must, sooner or later, predominate in England as it already predominates throughout the world. The mission of Impressionism is to depict beauty that elevates, light that cheers.

It may be said that we are all impressionists now. Certainly of art students, the future directors of taste, that is a fact, for practically all those who take up landscape painting as their life's work follow with admiration the route laid out in such peril and privation by the great pioneers of impressionist painting. All honor to them!

Wynford Deuchurst.

⁷ Readers who are interested will find many collections of Impressionist pictures readily accessible in Paris (as, in lesser degree, they will find them in every great art gallery throughout the world). The principal Parisian collections which I recall to mind are the following (there are very many others, some perhaps even more important than the majority here listed):—The Count Comandó, Baron H. de Rothschild, Monsieur Durand-Ruel, of 16 Rue La Fayette and owner of the comprehensive Rue-de-Rome collection, Georges Vau, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M.M. Bernheim et Fils, of the Avenue de l'Opéra; the Caillotte legacy of the Luxembourg Gallery (by no means the best, even of the earlier collections but historically interesting); and, lastly, the most recent and most magnificent gift ever received by the Rouen Art Gallery, namely that of the late Monsieur Dupeaux.

The Contemporary Review.

"THE NEW ERA IN HUNGARY."

Hungary is witnessing the dawn of a new era. As a Hungarian living in England, I think it may interest the British reader to hear from an unbiased source the scope and the significance of this new era. To understand fully the present situation we have to look back to the recent history of Hungarian politics.

After the conclusion of the compromise between Austria and Hungary in 1867, a strong "dualistic" party—the Liberal party—took in hand the reins of government of Hungary. The leader of this party, Koloman de Tisza, ruled over Parliament for fifteen years. His successors followed in his footsteps, and the Liberal régime saw thirty years of power. In 1905 a swing of the pendulum swept the Liberal party away. It seemed as if it had been annihilated.

Instead of the Liberal party with its overwhelming majority in Parliament, several other parties came to the front. The hitherto small group of Independents, whose creed is that of the Revolution of 1848, viz., the severance from Austria and the creation of an Independent Hungary under the rule of the Habsburgs, became a party to be reckoned with. Another party was that of the adherents to the compromise of 1867, the "Constitutional Party," and another the "Clerical Party," also adherents to the union with Austria. None of these parties were strong enough to play a leading rôle, and the King, who would only entrust the government to a party which stands on the basis of the compromise with Austria, had to resort to expedients, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Crisis followed crisis, Parliament was dissolved by military force, endless negotiations between the Crown and political groups led to no result. Mean-

time the government has been carried on in an unconstitutional way, namely, without a Cabinet having its root in Parliament, the Exchequer having no Budget—in one word, that state of affairs prevailed which is called in Hungary "ex-lex." In April 1906 there was a change for the better. Between the Crown and the parties a compromise was effected, and the different parties having agreed to a working arrangement, the Coalition Cabinet came into power.

This Coalition Ministry led by Dr. Wekerle, Francis Kossuth, and Count Andrassy accepted office on the understanding that the demands of Hungary relating to the Army—the main cause of an endless crisis—were to be shelved. Though these were the terms of the understanding between Crown and Coalition, there was an inclination to believe that the Independence party, with its absolute majority in the Coalition Government and in Parliament, would be able to stamp the new Administration with an "anti-dualistic" tendency of its own. These beliefs were not realized. The Coalition was unable to carry out any reforms tending towards the economic separation of Hungary from Austria, one of the main points of the Independent programme. The Independent party was anxious to make a stride in this direction, and seized the opportunity of the expiration of the Charter of the Austro-Hungarian Bank of issue, as an opportune moment for the creation of a separate Hungarian State Bank.

This question, affecting, as it does, the principles of "dualism," provoked discord in the ranks of the Coalition, for the "sixty-seven" parties, especially the Constitutional party, as a staunch supporter of the compromise of 1867, opposed it. Dissension broke out in

the ranks of the Independence party itself; the foremost champion of the immediate establishment of an independent Hungarian Bank of issue, Mr. de Justh, conspiring against his leader, Francis Kossuth, hoisted his own flag and split the Independence party in two. This new ultra-Independence party, with some 140 followers, threw down the gauntlet, and by means of a violent campaign for month after month paralyzed the activity of Parliament. Count Andrassy, Francis Kossuth, and his more moderate supporters were unable to save the situation and the Coalition Government was plunged into a protracted crisis, and though for a time it still remained in power, yet the course of disintegration became more and more evident. A state of "ex-lex" again ensued, and a new conflict with the Crown was imminent. Numerous attempts were made to form a Cabinet, but they remained unsuccessful, as there was no reliable majority to support it. The Coalition had lost credit with the Sovereign and with the country alike. The Government formed from its ranks was, however, unable to leave its post, while there seemed to be no prospect of a new Executive. It seemed as if the seven-year crisis had absorbed the whole supply of Hungarian statesmen. Wekerle, Kossuth, Apponyi, Andrassy, had fallen; the attempts to entrust the premiership to Ladislav Lukács and Count John Zichy failed; there seemed to be no way out of a chaos which was reaching its climax.

At this juncture, in the middle of January 1910, Count Khuen-Héderváry accepted office as Premier, on a strictly dualistic basis. This statesman, who during his long tenure of the Governorship of Croatia has given ample proofs of eminent administrative qualities, and of unswerving loyalty to the dynasty, was also known to be an unflinching supporter of the compro-

mise (*Ausgleich*) of 1867. He has had, too, some experience as a parliamentarian, owing to the fact that some fifteen years ago, after the great crisis in connection with the clerical reforms, as a confidential man of the Crown he was premier designate; again later, in 1903, after the fall of Kálmán de Széll, at the time of a serious crisis raging concerning the military questions, he was for a few months Prime Minister of Hungary. This time Count Héderváry again took office at a critical moment. His first object was to restore order in Parliament and to start it to work, in order to re-establish the finances and the administration of the State to their normal constitutional condition. At the same time, he aimed at the re-establishment of good relations between the Crown and the country, between Hungary and Austria, thus consolidating afresh the principles of dualism, which were threatening to collapse. And finally, he wished to place the Dual Monarchy on a firm basis as a great Power. The new Prime Minister began his work by making an endeavor to obtain a majority in the existing Parliament, elected under the régime of the Coalition. He could achieve only a partial success. The Catholic People's party looked upon him as an ultra-Liberal, and showed no inclination to join him at the cost of renouncing their political creed. Count John Zichy, who was subsequently appointed Minister of Public Instruction, succeeded in bringing one-half of the Constitutional party into the ranks of the followers of the Premier, whilst the other half, following their leader Count Andrassy, did not accept either the military reforms proposed, or the whole political programme of the new Cabinet, and consequently remained passive, joining neither the Government nor the Opposition. In the Lower House itself, Count Khuen-Héderváry repeatedly endeavored to prevail upon

the House to vote a Budget, so as to avoid an "ex-lex" state. He was not only unsuccessful, but the Radical Independents, who had up to that time entertained hopes, that the King would entrust them to form a Government under the control of a "sixty-seven" politician like Mr. de Lukács, or Count John Zichy, when totally disillusioned, became so exasperated, that they delivered an attack in Parliament against Count Khuen-Héderváry and his fellow Ministers, bombarding them with ink-pots and other missiles. This incident aroused indignation, not only amongst the cooler-headed parties in the Opposition, but also in the country, and thus sealed the fate of this Parliament. It had long been ripe for dissolution, and it only survived through the internal weakness of the Wekerle-Kossuth Cabinet. Count Khuen-Héderváry did not hesitate to dissolve a Parliament, which showed no inclination to work, and appealed to the country.

The general elections were held in June 1910, and Count Héderváry obtained a large majority. The "National Work" party has been constituted, its very name indicating that the party meant to work in Parliament. The members of this new party were recruited partly from the ranks of the once powerful Liberal party. Count Stephen Tisza, a worthy son of the former great leader of the Liberals, Koloman de Tisza, gave Count Héderváry very valuable support during the electioneering campaign. A considerable number of the adherents of the "Constitutional party" also joined the new party, and Count John Zichy, a politician of great authority with the Catholics, and a *persona grata* with the King and the Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand, has, by joining the new Cabinet, greatly strengthened the Premier's position. The victory at the polls was also facilitated owing to the sympathy of public opinion being alien-

ated from the Coalition, mainly through the agitation which Mr. de Justh, who wrecked the large Independence party, carried on with ever-increasing violence in favor of the Independent Hungarian Bank.

So the Coalition has been shattered to pieces. It came into power four years ago amid an excess of national enthusiasm, but its loose organization soon began to tell. It was clear that with its undermining internal strife it is impossible to do continued constructive work. Indeed, the elements constituting the Coalition were too heterogeneous. The mainstay of the Coalition, the Independence party, had obtained in 1906 a majority, by indulging in catchwords of political radicalism, but when once in power, they were obliged to shelve their "forty-eight" aspirations and revert to a "sixty-seven" basis. If there is any proof of the practically indestructible vitality of the "sixty-seven" programme, and the unsuitability of the "forty-eight" principles, as a basis for government in a dynastic country like Hungary, it is this reversion of the Independents to the principles professed by the "sixty-seven" parties. While in office, Mr. de Kossuth himself, although when addressing the people or his fellow Independents, he emphasized his adherence to the "forty-eight" policy, was at the same time compelled to confess that in practical politics, in the possession of the Executive, there is no other alternative but to follow the line of possibilities, and that the "sixty-seven" dualistic basis, so highly respected by the Crown, cannot, and in the interest of the State ought not to, be weakened. It is this very reason which brought the great bulk of the "forty-eight" electors to the conclusion, that the principles of the Independent party exclude those who profess them from being entrusted with the national government. This conviction struck deeper

and deeper amongst the masses during the closing months of the Coalition régime, as a result of the destructive character of the agitation in favor of an Independent Bank, that led to a complete stagnation of parliamentary activity. This was the "psychological moment" which Count Khuen-Héderváry, with the intuitive foresight of a statesman, grasped, and which prompted him to enter the electioneering campaign at the right moment.

An analysis of the results of the last polls gives a clue to the change of public opinion in Hungary. At the elections of 1901 under Kálmán de Széll, of 754,702 votes polled, 558,158 (that is, 77.7 per cent. of the whole) were recorded for "sixty-seven" candidates. At the elections held under Count Stephen Tisza in 1905, out of 800,982 votes polled, only 500,105 (63 per cent.) were obtained by "sixty-seven" candidates, and of these no more than 297,941 were recorded for candidates put up by the Liberal party. At the elections conducted by the Coalition Government in 1906, the proportion of "sixty-seven" votes was still further reduced. Out of 839,830 votes polled, only 316,165 (37.7 per cent.) were secured by "sixty-seven" candidates. And the result achieved by Count Khuen-Héderváry at the elections last June was, that out of 847,512 votes recorded, 555,988 (65.6 per cent.) were polled by "sixty-seven" candidates, a considerably larger proportion than that secured by the "forty-eight" candidates in 1906. This is a clear proof that public opinion has been alienated from the "forty-eight" policy, for which as recently as 1906 no fewer than 520,026 votes (61.9 per cent.) were polled, while last June only 33.4 per cent. (282,791) of the total number of votes fell in favor of "forty-eight" candidates. The electorate of the country gave its sanction to Count Khuen-Héderváry's chief objects, namely, the

re-establishment of good relations between the Crown and Hungary, and by strengthening the "sixty-seven" principles, to eliminate the ever-recurring constitutional conflicts, which seriously threatened the time-proved policy of "dualism." The approval of the electorate of these is of weighty significance.

When Count Khuen-Héderváry entered Parliament last July with his large majority, he at once set to work to carry into effect the main points of his political scheme. The activity of the legislative body was restored, thus the country was saved from the disastrous state of "ex-lex," the finances and administration of the country having been promptly put in working order again. The Opposition, leaving their bag and baggage behind at the election contests, was reduced to disunited fractions without physical or moral force to enable them to make a stand against the Government. During the debate on the Address they made a faint show of displaying some energy, reproaching the Government with having obtained its majority by illegal means. The Government, however, proved conclusively that, although some excesses might have happened on the Government side, such as will happen in the heat of any contest, the Opposition themselves were none too discriminating in the choice of their measures, and that a considerable number of civil servants agitated and voted openly against the Government candidates. After the debate on the Address was concluded, other urgent questions were settled, and in the space of a few weeks the provisional Budget and the Army Bill, granting the supply of recruits, were voted. The Opposition was compelled to bow before the superiority of the Government majority and the verdict of the electorate. Although the immediate objects of the Government have thus been accom-

plished, its more difficult task remains still to be fulfilled. There is great need of carrying into effect the proposed reforms in the internal administration of Hungary, and the development of the common army is also imperative, in order to safeguard the position of Austria-Hungary as a great Power. There are other questions too, in connection with establishing a system of perfect parity between the two States of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Public opinion abroad is, I believe, mainly interested in the internal affairs of Hungary, so far as it concerns the peace among the different nationalities, the problem of social reform, and the franchise reform. Count Khuen-Héderváry and his Cabinet will have no easy task to grapple with these questions. From the speeches of the leading statesmen it appears that in solving these problems the Government intend to act upon its repeatedly declared principles.

As to the Nationalist question, it is understood that the Government's desire is that there should be perfect harmony between the Magyar and non-Magyar inhabitants of Hungary, and that these latter should enjoy the same rights and share the same duties with their Magyar countrymen. This does not mean any renunciation of the preservation of the Magyar national character, with which the conquerors and preservers of Hungary have stamped the country. Any effort to change this constitutional basis would be resisted to the utmost as an infringement of the right of the Magyars, who constitute the greater half of the population, and who, not only by their numerical superiority, but through their historical past and eminent political qualities have always been the upholders of the Kingdom of Hungary. The underlying principle of this policy is based upon the "dualistic system" created by Fran-

cis Joseph I., Francis Deák, and Count Andrassy in 1867. According to this principle, it is of absolute necessity that in polyglot States like Austria and Hungary there should be one predominant race. This predominance was to be held by the Germans in Austria and by the Magyars in Hungary. It is true that in Austria the Germans have to a certain extent lost their opportunity of playing the leading part, for which they are themselves to blame, but the weakness of the Austrian-Germans does not imply that the Magyars should follow lead and renounce their predominant rôle in Hungary, to which they are entitled. There can be no doubt that the administrative system of Hungary is obsolete and its disadvantages are felt alike by Magyars and non-Magyars. The existing franchise system is also out of date and has to be reformed.

At this juncture it is not inopportune to return to the charge brought forward by the Nationalists, that at the last general election they were hampered in the exercise of their political rights. They attribute their defeat to a policy of "oppression" pursued by the Héderváry Government. The Nationalist members were decimated at the elections; only three Slovak and five Roumanian members obtained seats, not a single Serbian or German was returned. The defeat of the "Nationalists," however, is not due to any campaign of persecution organized against them, but to the turn of the tide, which shattered also the two Independence parties, the Catholic people's party, and the democratic fraction as well. The real cause of this defeat was, that the electorate as a whole was imbued by the desire that Parliament should be purged of all the extreme elements. They condemned the extreme political tenets of the Independents and the clerical tendencies of the Catholic people's party, just as much as they

were tired of the subversive racial policy of the "Nationalists." They have voted for the sober and moderate policy of the new party's platform.

The attitude of the "Nationalist" constituencies in supporting the Government is deserving of particular attention. It is a striking proof that the great bulk of the non-Magyar nationalities in Hungary do not approve of the extreme policy of "racialism," and of the means the Nationalist agitators have adopted in furtherance of their aims, but that they are desirous of living at peace with the Magyars. They have no reason to be discontented, for the Magyars respect the right of the non-Magyars to their mother-tongue to such an extent, that in all secondary and borough schools German is an obligatory subject, and the Servians, Roumanians, and Transylvanian Saxons have their own elementary and secondary schools, where the language of instruction is Servian, Roumanian and German respectively; and in the University of Budapest there are ordinary professorships for the Servian (Croatian), Roumanian, and German languages. If anything, this is a proof that the charge so frequently brought forward abroad, that the Hungarian Government Magyarizes the non-Magyars by force, is totally unfounded. Indeed, there is not a shadow of truth in this accusation. In fact, the number of Slovaks, Roumanians, and Servians is not only not decreasing, but in several parts of the country a not inconceivable number of the German-speaking population is continually being absorbed by the Roumanians and the Slovaks. This is the case in Transylvania and in Upper Hungary. The sober elements of the Nationalists have always recognized that they are bound to go hand in hand with the Magyars, as even the Independent Saxon people's party in Transylvania have always professed their allegiance

to the idea of a Hungarian State, without any detriment to their own Nationalist individuality, and have as a consequence supported the predominant Magyar party. Another instance of quite recent date is that the Servian group, without in any way prejudicing their individuality as Servians, were able to contract an alliance with the ultra-Magyar, chauvinistic Justh party. This must have been present to the mind of Count Stephen Tisza when, during the summer session of the Lower House, he delivered an important speech, in which he condemned the separatist tendencies of the Nationalist policy, and called upon the Roumanians in particular to relinquish their independent endeavors and to join one of the Hungarian parties. Count Tisza was evidently thinking of the new Government party, which includes a larger number of Servians, Roumanians, Germans, and Slovaks than were ever comprised in any separate Nationalist group. As a result of Count Stephen Tisza's speech, negotiations were opened with the leaders of the Roumanians, the majority of whom are evidently in favor of peace, for they know that of all nationalities in Hungary their situation is the most advantageous. They enjoy complete autonomy in respect of their Church and of their schools. Moreover, particularly in Transylvania, they have so wide a scope in the field of agriculture and banking affairs that even the most superficial observer cannot fail to notice the gradual elimination of the Saxons and the "Szeklers." The Roumanian bishops and many members of the educated Roumanian classes are Magyarophile, and are working in the interests of peace between Magyars and Roumanians. It is to be hoped that before long these efforts will be crowned with success.

A series of important measures are before Parliament, the passing of

which is imperative as well for the welfare of Hungary as that of the Dual Monarchy. Of course, the paramount question of Hungarian politics is the reform of the franchise. The new Government's attitude is "More haste, less speed." It is the intention to wait for the data of the census, which began on January 1 this year. This is intended to be taken as a basis on which the Reform Bill shall be drawn up. It seems that the Government's programme does not embrace Count Andrassy's system of plural voting. There is a plan of distributing the constituencies in such a manner as to prevent the natural supremacy of the Magyars being impaired or weakened by "Nationalist" or "Socialist" tendencies. As a corollary to the Reform Bill, the Government proposes to reform the administrative system on a centralistic principle, in order to put an end to the prevailing abuses, preserving, however, as far as possible the autonomy of the counties in local affairs. These questions, requiring, as they do, a large amount of work, are not likely to be realized until the autumn of the coming year.

The matters receiving immediate attention of the Government are those referring to the bank and military questions, especially the latter, which has to be settled before the bringing in of the Army Bill (supply of recruits). These are the two cardinal points in Hungarian politics, causing many a crisis and obstruction, and it is by no means impossible that during the present winter session they will again provoke violent scenes in Parliament. Both sides of the Dual Monarchy are equally concerned that these questions should be peacefully settled without delay.

In connection with the renewal of the Bank charter, the Government intends to come to an agreement with the Austrian Cabinet that the principle of

payment in specie, which already exists in practice, shall be formally acknowledged. This would facilitate the quotation on foreign exchanges of Hungarian Government stocks, the issue of which is to a large extent dependent upon participation of foreign capital. The extension of the Bank Charter until the year 1917, is just under discussion in the Hungarian Parliament, and it seems likely that the measure will be passed at a very early day.

As to the "Military Question," time is pressing. During the seven-year crisis which has raged concerning this question, the Austro-Hungarian army and navy have been unable to be developed sufficiently to keep pace with the progress made by other Powers, and the state of things in the army and navy may be best gauged from the words used by Baron Schönaich, the Common Minister for War, who said: "Unless the obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of the development of the army, namely, the demands of Hungary, are removed without delay, it is doomed to die of consumption."

Small wonder that the military question is weighing heavily upon the Government. To meet the expenses needed for the development of the army and navy, the Common War Minister requires huge sums of money, far in excess of the means provided by the normal War Budget for 1910. The Government, of course, anxious to maintain the position of the monarchy as a great Power and to enable it to pursue its policy of peace, is obliged to supply the expenses, so far as the resources of the country will permit. Consequently, it is expected that the new Army Bill, to be laid shortly before the Hungarian and Austrian Parliaments, while raising the number of recruits supplied by Hungary, will involve an annual increase in expenditure of a

permanent character. It is not doubted that the majority both in Parliament and in the Delegation (a council of delegates elected by the Hungarian and Austrian Parliaments to decide upon "common" affairs) will endorse the Government's views in this respect.

It might be of interest to say a few words, at this juncture, concerning the military reforms, so frequently heard of in connection with Hungarian politics. There is a strong desire that the Hungarian part of the common (Austro-Hungarian) army should be given a certain national character. The Government, though it stands on the basis of the "sixty-seven" principles, cannot ignore these demands, deeply rooted as they are in the Magyar population of Hungary.

To satisfy this popular wish, the Government feels it its duty to carry out progressively the stipulations contained in the programme formulated by a committee consisting of members of the former Liberal party in 1903—known as the "Committee of Nine." These reforms are not incompatible with the principles of parity enunciated in the Compromise of 1867, and do not prejudice the Constitutional prerogatives of the Sovereign as the head of the army, as to questions regarding the organization and supreme control of the military forces. The reforms tending to emphasize the political independence of Hungary as a State, refer to such matters, as military em-

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blems, the introduction of the Hungarian language in the army, and of a new military criminal procedure. The Hungarian and Austrian authorities are already discussing the details of settling these questions, and the Sovereign himself has given his consent, recognizing that they are not detrimental to the efficiency of the "common" army. It is to be hoped that after the solution of these contentious problems, which for the last decade have paralyzed the political life of the country, a period of calm and constructive work will set in.

Before a thorough clearing up of the political horizon, it is possible that the Hungarian Parliament will be the scene of some stormy debates, but the large and united majority of the Government is bound to come out victorious. The spirit of the "National Work" party seems to be confidence in itself and in its leader. Count Khuen-Héderváry's position at Court, his political past, and his charm of manner, fit him to play the part of a statesman who has to fulfil a great mission. He is also ably seconded by his colleagues in the Cabinet, which includes such eminent men as Mr. de Hieronymi, the Minister of Commerce. A Government composed of first-rate politicians and supported by a large, united majority augurs well for the resurrection of the high standard of parliamentary life, which characterized Hungary of the past.

W. de Ruttkay.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXI.

An hour or two later Sam arrived, very hot, dusty, and anxious; the horse, which he had borrowed, had managed to pick up a stone on the way, and Sam, being unused to drive, and ab-

sorbed in his own thoughts, had failed to notice this fact for some time, with the result that the poor animal was now lame. The thought of the blame which awaited him on his return lay heavy on young Sam's heart and

whetted his wrath against his sister. If she had behaved as a respectable girl ought to behave, he told himself, he would have been spared all this trouble and possible expense—as like as not he would be held answerable for the accident.

It was with a lowering brow that he tied up the horse to the gate post and strode into the house. Had he not been so much preoccupied with his vengeful thoughts, he would have noticed the familiar appearance of another horse which was browsing at the opposite side of the lane, and of the cart which stood shafts downward close beside the hedge.

He marched up the flagged path with his most manly stride, and burst in upon a peaceful family party assembled at tea. On Mr. Strange's right was seated Tamsine, and next her, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and looking perfectly happy and at ease, was shepherd Davidge; at the very moment that Sam entered his mother was replenishing the stranger's cup, while Tom Strange, with his blandest smile, was plying him with currant cake.

"What's the meanin' o' this?" cried the young emissary of justice, stopping short in the doorway.

"Why, 'tis Sam!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange. "I d' low it'll not be so much of a surprise to you as to we, Sam. Your sister Tamsine has been tellin' us about her young man an' brought en over to see us."

Mr. Strange cleared his throat and gazed sternly at his son.

"I be sorry," he remarked, "as this shouldn't be a joyful meeting for all parties, but I'll have a word or two to say to you presently, Samuel."

The wind was taken out of Sam's sails with a vengeance! There sat the culprits, whom he had come to denounce, in the full enjoyment of the family favor, while he, the avenger,

was threatened with "a rod in pickle."

"Maybe I'll have summat to say too!" he cried angrily. "'Tis all very well to talk about joyful meetings, but I think folks what does wrong did ought to be held accountable for it."

"True, indeed, my son," said the elder Strange severely; "I'm glad to hear you admit it."

"Come, Mr. Strange," observed David, with a pleasant smile, 'this is a happy occasion, as you did say just now, and I hope you'll let bygones be bygones. I'm pleased to make acquaintance w' my new brother-in-law, and I'm sure if he has made any slips in the past he'll be ready to turn over a new leaf now."

"Come and sit ye down, my dear," cried Mrs. Strange in a pleading whisper. "There, I dare say father'll forget all about your foolishness, if ye don't go for to vex en now; an' 'twould really be a pity to spoil every one's pleasure this happy day."

She twitched him by the sleeve as she spoke, but he jerked away his arm, looking angrily from David to Tamsine.

"Brother-in-law!" ejaculated he. "I didn't know it had got so far as that, though indeed I heard o' Tamsine's going-on."

"Hush, for shame, Sam. You didn't ought to speak of your sister like that, and such a steady maid, one we do all know as is to be trusted anywhere."

"I will speak," cried Sam; "I——"

"Samuel," interrupted his father, with a threatening movement of the head and shoulders, "if you do so much as say one word more to insult your sister an' her future husband you'll just walk out o' this house an' never show your face here again. I must 'polyglize for my son's forgetting' hisself like this," he added, turning with a dignified air to David, "but there, he've been keeping low company of

late, I'm afeard, an' forgot his manners."

"Come out in the back kitchen and wash the dust off," urged Mrs. Strange, "and then you'll enjoy your tea better, my dear. I'll fetch you out a drop of hot water."

Sam suffered himself to be hustled away, more because he was anxious for an opportunity for private conversation with his mother than because he owned himself vanquished; and that good woman, having closed the door behind her, proceeded to attend to his needs, affectionately, yet with a certain reserve of manner which indicated wounded feelings.

"I'll fetch you down father's comb and brush in a minute, Sam. There, for goodness sake take off that cross face! If father an' me's satisfied I'm sure you did ought to be satisfied. 'Twas very ill-natured of ye to talk so disrespectful o' Tamsine— The soap's just there under your hand."

"Mother," said Sam, eyeing her sternly from out of the folds of the round towel. "I can't think whatever's come to ye all. Why, you do know nothin' at all about this fellow. He did come trampin' up to Strange's on the look-out for work."

"Well, there, my dear, nobody could think the worse for en for that. He had but just left his ship, an' 'twas to the man's credit to be wishful not to be idle. He've a-got a very good character. He did show us his bank-book and a letter from his captain, an' he's a stanch teetotaller, he says. Father were terr'ble pleased to hear that. A-a-h, Sam, poor father have a-been terr'ble upset about your going to work in a common public. He were a-goin' to travel over to talk to 'ee about it—an' about another tale what's come to his ears—but I'm sure that isn't true."

"What are you drivin' at now?" growled Sam.

"Why, about your takin' up wi' the

widow West, a woman what must be years an' years older than yourself. But as I did say to father ye couldn't be so foolish—'twould be downright nonsensical for you to think o' takin' a wife at *your* age, anyhow."

"I don't see why I shouldn't get wed as well as another!" cried the lad fiercely. "It's nobody's business but my own. I was going to tell you myself. Who's been gossiping about it beforehand?"

"Oh, gossipin'!—there's no need to talk about gossipin'—us did have a letter from Tamsine axin' us to be sure an' go up yonder to-week, as she were feelin' anxious about you, an' Tranter Haskell did mention as you was cwortin' the widow West."

"Well, it's true, then. Mrs. West an' I be promised to each other, an' ye did ought to be glad and proud, all of ye, as she should do me so much honor."

Sam's face emerged from the round towel, quivering with indignant feeling.

Mrs. Strange uttered a cry of anguish.

"Oh, Sam, ye never mean it! An' you not one-an'-twenty—an' earnin'—why, what can ye be earnin'?—not enough to keep yourself I'm sure! Oh dear, whatever will father say? Well, there, I did think we mld all ha' been happy together to-day—an' now—oh dear—oh dear!"

Her loud sobs were audible in the next room, and Mr. Strange, much alarmed, threw open the dividing door.

Mother and son entered upon a hurried and incoherent explanation, each contradicting the other, while the father, at first bewildered, and then angry, interposed an occasional query or comment, uttered in a kind of bel-low.

The other two remained in their places, David wearing his usual impenetrable air, but keeping his eyes fixed

on the cloth; Tamsine pale and nervous.

Sam, in his heat of indignation over the personal issue, forgot his original cause of complaint so completely that he presently turned to his future brother-in-law for support.

"I say Martha West's a woman as any man mld be proud and glad to take to wife," he cried. "There's nobody what can say a word again her. She've always kept herself to herself and worked hard, an' never had nothin' to do wⁱ nobody. You can speak up for her, Davidge——"

"What have I to do with her?" cried David quickly, and without raising his eyes. "I'm a stranger in Chudbury."

"Well, you've been lodgin' in the same house as long as I have myself," cried Sam, indignant and astonished.

"Is that the case?" interposed Tom Strange. "Well, I can trust you to speak out your mind like an honest man. Seeln' as you're to be our Tamsine's husband, you'll be as anxious as ourselves to keep her brother from doin' a foolish thing."

David drummed upon the table with his long brown fingers and gave his head a little impatient jerk.

"I don't think it is my place to give an opinion on such a private matter," he said, after a pause.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange, with a sob; "I'm sure 'tis plain to be seen he doesn't think so very well o' the 'ooman. An' you be my eldest son, Sam, what I always was so proud on!"

"Speak out, Mr. Davidge," cried Tom sharply. "Let's have no beatin' about the bush. Tamsine, you tell him to give us a straight answer. Let him say plain if this Mrs. West is the kind o' 'ooman he'd advise your brother to take for a wife. Yes or no."

"You had better say what you think," urged Tamsine in her turn.

"Well, then," said David, raising his eyes, "if it's to be one word, 'Yes or no'—it's no."

He rose from the table as though to end the discussion.

"Tamsine, my mald, if we be to get back before dark, it's time we were thinkin' o' startin'."

"Yes," agreed Tamsine, also in haste to close this painful scene, "I'm sure we ought to be going. Good-bye, father. Do try and come over to Strange's soon. Good-bye, mother—there—don't ye cry no more. Try and persuade Sam to bide here for a bit," she whispered, drawing her mother aside. "He's doin' no good in Chudbury. I'm sure he'd soon give up thinkin' o' the widow West if they was parted. Don't ye fret no more. 'Tis but a boy; he'll get sense. Good-bye, Sam; don't bear malice. Davidge did have to speak out plain when he was axed, an' any man o' sense must see as that Mrs. West 'ud never make ye happy. She couldn't really mean to marry you—'tis best for ye to give up the notion."

But Sam rejected the proffered hand and turned sulkily away.

David neither looked at nor spoke to him; he was in fact thoroughly exasperated with the young fool who had forced him to play a part which he hated, but which was unavoidable under the circumstances.

Yet when they had left the little hamlet behind, and he found himself spinning gaily along the road with Tamsine beside him, he dismissed the unpleasing memory from his mind and smiled down at her with entire satisfaction.

The sun was setting as they turned off the main road, and the evening breeze had a grateful freshness. From every hedge and wayside plantation came forth the familiar incense of the evening. By-and-by a pale star or two twinkled in the sky, and a little

silvery crescent hovered as it seemed above them.

"The new moon!" exclaimed David. "The new moon a-shinin' on our new life—let's bow to it for luck! Afore the horns do p'int the other way, Tamsine, my maid, my ring 'ull be on your finger."

Martha, standing in her dusky garden an hour or two later took impatient note of the crescent moon and wished it were larger. The summer night was dark, even though the sky was full of stars; she listened, straining her ears for the footfall of Sam's returning horse. How late he was! His mission must surely have failed: if his mother had consented to return with him they must have reached Chudbury before this. Even if Sam had driven her straight to Strange's he himself would be bound to bring back horse and trap to the inn.

Presently, passing through the little gate she stood awhile in the road, looking up and down. Everything seemed unnaturally quiet; the village children were in bed, and the elder folk apparently indoors; there was not even a dog barking. Yes, there was one barking now—a long way off; and there at last was the beat of a horse's hoofs—a horse that was evidently proceeding very slowly, the footfalls being irregular, moreover. The sounds did not come from the direction of the downs, but from the main road. Without pausing to reflect Martha walked rapidly to meet the vehicle.

About a quarter of a mile from the village she came upon an empty trap drawn by a very lame horse, with a figure of a man trudging heavily beside it.

"Is that you, Sam?" she asked in a low voice.

"It's me," he rejoined, bringing the horse to a standstill. "I'm sorry you took the trouble to come out to meet me, Mrs. West, I've no very good news

to give 'ee. There, Tamsine an' that sailor chap have got the better of I. They've reg'larly took and turned father an' mother against us."

"Against us—you and me, you mean?"

"Yes, you an' me. 'Twas bad enough to find I had all my trouble for nothing wi'out bein' abused an' insulted."

"Tell me about it," said Martha.

"I ought to be gettin' on," groaned Sam. "The horse is dead lame an' they be watchin' out for me up at the inn."

"Tell me about it, then, as you go along," insisted she.

As they walked together beside the lame horse Sam poured forth his injuries, Martha listening in absolute silence until he described in a voice which trembled with wrath the manner in which David had responded to his appeal.

"He wouldn't say one word for me!" she whispered, almost voicelessly.

"He wouldn't say but the one word, an' that was again ye," rejoined Sam trenchantly. "He's a traitor, that's what he is—a traitor."

Martha made no audible reply, yet her heart seemed to shriek the word.

CHAPTER XXII.

Preparations for Tamsine's wedding went forward apace.

David's attractive personality and prosperous condition, as vouched for by the evidence of the bank-book, coupled with his captain's letter, and the fact of his being a staunch teetotaler, had firmly established him in her parents' esteem. Moreover, as Mrs. Strange said to her husband on retiring to rest that night, it was a mercy the girl had chosen so well, for she was her own mistress up yonder, an' if she had took a fancy to one o' they rowdy chaps up to Chudbury, nobody could ha' prevented her marryin' him.

They had had proof of the length to which the independence of the rising generation could go only that very day in the conduct of Sam, who in spite of his mother's tears and entreaties, and his father's exhortations and threats, had insisted on returning to Chudbury.

There was great scrubbing and cleaning at Strange's; the walls of the living room were whitewashed, or rather yellow-washed; Tamsine had chosen a pretty paper for the big bedroom upstairs, when David, who was constantly in and out of the house during those weeks, pronounced against it.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Why, the best room upstairs," rejoined Tamsine, with a blush; "uncle Cosh's room."

"Where the wold chap died?" inquired he, wrinkling his brows.

"A-many Stranges have died in that room," announced Mrs. Cornick, from the back kitchen, "and a-many have been barn there too" she added sentimentally.

David stood fingering the paper until the sound of a running tap denoted that Mrs. Cornick had returned to the job in hand, and then crossed the room and closed the door.

"You don't like the notion of Uncle Cosh's room?" asked Tamsine.

"No, I don't," he rejoined bluntly. "What have you an' me to do wi' all the wold folks what be moulderin' underground? I'd like us to keep your room wi' the white walls where I did see your shadow—and the window lookin' out on the stack."

"'Tis but small," said Tamsine, her face falling a little, "but if you do like it best——"

"I do like it best," he interrupted vehemently; "and I do like the white walls, just as they are."

To the scandal of Mrs. Cornick, therefore, the attic room with its sloping room and whitewashed walls was

converted into the bridal chamber; all was immaculately fresh and clean indeed, yet but few alterations were made since those early days when Tamsine had first taken possession of it.

Her wedding dress was of white silk with a little green sprig all over it and she chose a white hat of moderate size and trimmed it herself with white silk ribbon.

The banns were given out in the two parishes, for Tamsine had decided to be married from her old home, by the white-haired clergyman who had joined the hands of her father and mother.

David interviewed the Chudbury vicar himself to arrange about being "asked" in church on his side. It was the same who had long ago taken an interest in the clever lad while still at the industrial school, and who had afterwards caused the escaped convict such grievous disappointment.

"I do feel a bit nervous about your goin' to see him," murmured Tamsine; "I think it 'ud be safer to get somebody else to do it."

"No," said David; "I'll have to come across en one o' these days, an' 'tis best to begin straight off. Shall us go together? No, that truth-tellin' face o' yours mld make en guess summat. If he don't find me out first off, he never will," he added with a laugh.

"'Tis no laughin' matter, I'm sure!" exclaimed Tamsine, almost crying. "There, David, you do bring my heart to my mouth sometimes. A body 'ud almost think you loved the danger."

David appeared to reflect. "I don't exactly love it," he said, "but ye must admit it is excitin'. But I'll soon put parson off the scent if he do seem like guessin'."

He was prudent enough, however, to call at the vicarage at dusk, when it was the clergyman's habit, as he well knew, to smoke a meditative pipe in his

garden before retiring to his study to read. He was a bachelor, a fact which, as David gaily pointed out to Tamsine, was conducive to his own safety.

"Who's this?" enquired Mr. Ashley, when David came striding up the gravelled path which led to the summer-house.

"They told me up at the house as I'd find you here, sir," rejoined David, in a very deep voice. "I've come to ask you to put up my banns next Sunday. Miss Strange o' the farm up yonder on the downs—Tamsine Strange—her an' me is goin' to get married. The wedding's to be at Little Branston, where her folks do live, but she do tell me we'll have to be asked here as well."

"Let me see," said the vicar, rising and coming out from under the thatched roof of the summer-house, "are you a parishioner of mine?"

"Well, I've been a-livin' in Chudbury for three week or more," rejoined David. "I can't say I've been to church yet, but Tamsine 'ull make me go when we be wed, I've no doubt."

"Tamsine Strange is a very good girl," rejoined Mr. Ashley stiffly. "So you've been living in Chudbury—I don't seem to know you. Who are you?"

"My name is Davidge," announced the other firmly. "Jack Davidge. I was a sailor afore I come here. I've a-been lodging at Miss Strickland's till a few days ago."

"I heard Miss Strickland had two lodgers," said Mr. Ashley. "I was glad of it, for she has a hard struggle, poor soul."

"I've shifted to Cobb's now," said David quickly; "'tis nearer my work. I be under-shepherd up to Strange's."

"Oh," remarked the vicar reflectively: "that is how Miss Strange came across you, I suppose. It seems very sudden."

"'Twas a bit sudden," agreed David; "but once we do know our feelin's, 'tis

best to settle things straight off. There's nothin' to wait for. Tamsine 'ull be the better for a husband an' I'll be the better for a wife."

The parson stroked his chin, feeling a little nonplussed by David's independence of manner, though there was no denying the truth of what he said. If they were sure of each other it was better to marry at once than to waste time in the protracted rustic courtship which occasionally ends in disaster.

"I wish one knew more about you," he murmured, half to himself.

"I've a-got good credentials," said David: "Mr. and Mrs. Strange are quite content and Tamsine's satisfied."

"Well, in that case I suppose I ought to be satisfied too," returned Mr. Ashley, smiling, "particularly if she is going to make you a good Churchman."

"She can make anythin' she do like o' me," responded David. "Good evenin', sir."

"Wait a bit," cried the other. "On Sunday, you say, Thomasine Strange and John Davidge—you said your name was John, didn't you?"

"I said my name was Jack," replied David, "and Jack it is. I don't want to be called by no other."

He turned on his heel and was gone.

"A singular man," mused the vicar, looking after him. "I trust Thomasine Strange has chosen wisely. A very singular man—yet there is something straightforward and attractive about him."

He ruminated as he returned to the arbor: his new parishioner reminded him of some one—of whom he could not think.

As he smoked he cogitated. Where had he before met with that unexpected mingling of independence and a quality which might almost be defined as charm, but that such an expression seemed out of place when applied to a man whose social level was little above that of a day laborer?

"He probably recalls somebody in quite a different station of life," he said to himself at length, and thereupon dismissed the subject.

As David walked away he smiled to himself, rejoicing at having so successfully concealed his identity, but presently he became grave.

"The old chap hasn't changed much," he said to himself. "I was uncommon fond of him once; but there, I can't forget how he failed me when I looked to him for help. If it hadn't a-been for the maid where should I be now?"

The image of his fugitive self rose up before his mind's eye; he saw the stooping figure creeping along by the hedgerow, dragging itself with fiercely-beating heart across the downs, crouching in the shadow of a gorse bush—dirty, ragged, faint with hunger and thirst. That was what he had been when Tamsine saved him!

Another vision rose before him. He saw himself divested of the dignity, almost of the outer semblance of a man; a human beast, herded with the vile, working out, with a bursting heart and a raging spirit, a meed of labor rendered horrible not so much by its nature as by the conditions under which it was enforced. Back again came the nightmare-like sense of being caged, tethered. He flung up his arms to the clear wide sky, where a great placid moon was already climbing; he had breasted the shoulder of the downs, and yonder in the hollow he saw a little twinkling light which came, he knew, from Tamsine's window.

The maid was there, thank God! He was safe, happy, free, through her.

He shook off his gloomy thoughts, as he would have shaken off the oppression of a bad dream, and strode gaily downwards to give his report of the interview.

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Tamsine migrated backwards and forwards between the farm and her parents' house during the ensuing three weeks, being careful to spend the Sundays at the latter place in order to fulfil, after the somewhat elastic rustic fashion, the obligation of residence in the parish where her wedding was to take place.

As it would have been unlucky, as well as disconcerting, to listen to the calling of her own banns, she absented herself from morning church, though she and David attended the evening service, using the same books and mingling their voices in the hymns; then they would take a little walk together down by the river or through the dewy fields, and Tamsine would point out familiar landmarks and relate anecdotes of her childish days. Her heart was brimming over with happiness, all the more because she could now enjoy these blissful hours without any pangs of conscience.

"'Tis so nice to feel as nobody can find fault wi' us now," she remarked on one occasion to David, passing her hand confidently through his arm, after she had given him her books to carry. "There's no need to feel afraid when we do hear a footstep, or hide ourselves away."

"Yes, but 'twas fun creepin' into the wold kiln," rejoined he, "and hearin' the steps go poundin' by an' the folks hollerin', knowin' they'd never find us. I did like those times very well."

"Not so well as these, though?" queried she. "You couldn't ha' liked them so well as these."

He made no direct answer, but after a moment or two pressed her hand to his side:—

"I'll like best of all when you an' me be joined together," he said irrelevantly.

(To be continued.)

ON SACRED DANCES.

The following lines are an almost literal rendering of a little bit of folk-song from French Flanders. They were sung to the accompaniment of peculiar ceremonies at the funeral of a young girl.

Up in heaven they dance to-day,
Allelulia,
The young maidens dance and play,
They sing as they dancing go,
Benedicamus Domino,
Allelulia, Allelulia.

'Tis for Rosalie they sing,
Allelulia,
She has done with sorrowing,
So we dance, and we sing so,
Benedicamus Domino,
Allelulia, Allelulia.

This was called "*La Danse des Jeunes Vierges*." So late as 1840, a traveller heard it sung by the lace-makers of Bailleul. He wrote:—

La cérémonie religieuse terminée, et le cercueil descendu en terre, toutes les jeunes filles, tenant d'une main le drap mortuaire, retournerent à l'église, chantant la Danse des Jeunes Vierges, avec une verve, un élan, et un accent rythmique, dont on peut se faire difficilement un idée, quand on ne l'a pas entendu.

"Allelulia" is, of course, the song of home-coming. "Allelulare" is Dante's beautiful verb. He speaks of the Blessed at the Resurrection,

La rivestita voce allelulando. (*Purg. xxx., 15.*)

The point, however, we wish to notice in this fragment of folk-song is the preservation of the ancient expression of religious joy by the image of a dance. There is no idea of motion allied to the endless music of the present conventional heaven. The popular hymns speak of it as a banquet, a feast, as anything you like, but never as a dance. But yet what simile for

blessedness can be compared with that of joyful motion? It is only since the sixteenth-century break with the inherited religious experience of mankind that the dance has been looked upon as profane, and unfitted to be the expression of worship and sacred joy. For instance, let us take Dante. A commentator describes the "dance" "as the rhythmic movement which Dante attributes to the Blessed as the index of their felicity." The reader will remember how, after the poet had been plunged into the water of Lethe to the strains of the "*Asperges me*," his Lady introduced him into the earthly Paradise

Dentro alla danza delle quattro belle. (*Purg. xxx., 103.*)

—her four handmaidens, who here were nymphs and stars in heaven. Again, the spirits whom he heard chanting the heavenly Sanctus, while they sang

Mossero a sua danza,
E, quasi velocissime faville
Mi si velar di subita distanza.
(*Par. vii, 7.*)

Once more, he describes the "carols" woven by the heavenly dancers. They danced in such various measure that some seemed to stand still and some to fly (*Par. xxiv.*). The word "carol," which Dante uses repeatedly, means, of course, a singing dance. Even in the restricted sense in which we now use the word, a carol is the purest expression of religious mirth and blitheness. In the Middle Ages, the angels of Christmas, for instance, as we may see in Fra Angelico's or Botticelli's pictures, not only sang, but danced. This came down from all tradition, Pagan, Christian, Jewish, and seemed to be, as indeed it is, the most natural thing in the world. To show that this dance

ing of Fra Angelico's blessed souls or Dante's angels was no mere private fancy of their own, one need only mention the Preface of a Syrian liturgy, where the "dances of the Virtues" are introduced as a matter of course among the songs of the angels and all those other adorations of the Heavenly Host of which the Prefaces of all liturgies speak. The ancient world knew little of music apart from joyful, rhythmic motion, and did not banish the latter from its sacred solemnities. We have travelled so far away from this age-long religious sense of the whole race that we now smile at the tradition, supported by an apocryphal gospel, that our Lord and His disciples joined hands and danced in a ring at the Last Supper. To the Early Christians and to the whole ancient world there would have been nothing incongruous or profane in the thought. By those who first heard the story of the Prodigal Son, the "joy in the presence of the Angels" over the return of the penitent would, no doubt, be thought of as of a piece with the "music and dancing" that welcomed his return on earth. It is hardly necessary to refer to the Psalms. "Let them praise His name in the dance; let them sing praises unto Him with tabret and harp," and again, "Praise Him with the cymbals and dances; praise Him upon the strings and pipe" (Ps. cxlix.-3 and cl.-4). David himself, girded with a linen ephod, "danced before the Lord with all his might, leaping and dancing before the Ark" (II. Sam. 6). "How glorious was the King of Israel this day," said the scornful Michal, who had watched him from her window. He answered that the Lord had made him ruler over His people; "therefore will I play before the Lord." David, the dancer and singer and harper, was the "Joculator Domini." This dance of his was a true carol—Dante's "carola." It is pleasant to think that even the

carols which we know to-day, all, so to speak, spring from and belong to Bethlehem, David's town, where David was. To large sections of our own people "psalm-singing"—"psalm-smiting," we believe, is the opprobrious phrase—has come to be looked upon as a synonym for long-faced melancholy. But the Psalms are not tame. In a great Psalm of David there are trumpets and tambourines; "stellæ et lumen," there are stars and light; there are dark storm-clouds, "nix et grandio," in the sullen masses of their angry blue. Long before David, we hear of a triumphant night, when "Miriam took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances" (Ex. xv.-20). "To play before the Lord"—how natural the idea must have seemed to simple-hearted, primitive religious people. In a strenuous, irreligious age, there is no place for the "jongleur de Dieu."

A few precious remnants of the old-world sacred merriment still exist in remote parts of Europe, but they are few and far between. The Spanish writer, Fernan Caballero, in one of her books describes a dance of children, in which, at every pause, they click the castanets before the image of the Divine Child with a devout exclamation. The dance of the Seises, also with castanets, is still performed on Christmas Day and Corpus Christi by the chorister boys before the High Altar of the Cathedral of Seville. The boys are dressed as pages of the time of Philip II. The above-named writer describes it as the most thrilling and touching sight it is possible to imagine. Let us hope that no reforming Pope, or rigid official clique, will ever sweep it away. If we are not mistaken, several attempts to do so have been made. The most ultra-montane Clericals often appear to desire to puritanize and rationalize the great

tradition into a religion of conventional propriety. A dancing procession takes place every year near Grenoble to commemorate the simultaneous recovery of all the invalids in the town during a procession in the sixteenth century. One sees the scene; the arrival of the joyful news, the benign and portly father clapping his hands, and saying: "Qu'on danse," the sudden striking up of flutes and fiddles, and the spontaneous outburst into joyful agitation. In the sixteenth century this would still seem a carrying-out of the apostle's advice: "Is any man merry? let him sing psalms."

As in Dante's heaven, so in the world we know, "rhythmic motion" is always the expression of joy. One must not talk of the flight of birds; indeed, one cannot do so. One is dumb before a swallow's flight; but is there anything in the world that gives a sensation of ecstasy like it? Or what shall we say of the fluttering of a red admiral butterfly over a clump of flowering autumn daisies, that sways and rustles in a silken west wind? Dante's image of the liberated soul, or, one should rather say, of the glorified human being, is the "angelica farfalla." Again, who has not watched the dance of the snowflakes, or upward flying sparks of this-tledown, of straws in gusty weather? The dancing of flowers is, in its way,

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as beautiful as the flight of birds. All that can be said has been said of this by Wordsworth in the poem of the daffodils. With some measure of his feeling, we saw recently an acre of snowdrops growing in green grass, every tiny bell a-quiver in the March wind. "They're very marvellous," said a little meek-faced man, "and very pretty." The poet and the writer and the little meek-faced man all felt in their degree the same emotion. One may very reasonably think the beautiful ancient myth of the moving, singing spheres to be true. The whole universe would thus perform a carol. This may be religiously thought of as the repetition of a sacred dance, of which the convolutions are reflected in the strange and graceful forms of creatures—the owl, the tortoise, the squirrel, the swan, the deer, the peacock, the giraffe—the color and expanse of skies and seas, the motion and the calm of wind and air, the rhythmic flight of birds and beat of waves, all the dancing play of the Divine Wisdom, "*ludens coram Eo*," now kissing a hand, now tossing a flower, making the movements that are caught by falling water and by leaping flame, by sea-gull and by butterfly and swallow, "*per singulos dies*" with changing shapes of beauty day by day, in a dance of infinite variations through unnumbered years.

THE REFERENDUM VERSUS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

Those who would adopt as well as those who oppose the Referendum have rarely considered, at all events sufficiently, two questions which may seem of little consequence to some so-called practical politicians—*i.e.*, those who have agreed to stop thinking. The answers to these questions may be decisive for those who are open-

minded and who seek for light. Would the adoption of the Referendum be a natural constitutional growth, or an innovation inconsistent with our Constitution, so far as such exists? Much the same questions have of late been sometimes put thus: Would the introduction of the Referendum be a mechanical or an organic change? Would

it come as an apt remedy for new maladies, a measure consonant with democracy as it exists here, or is it an institution fitted for a wholly different set of circumstances from ours? The complexity of our present Constitution is great. Upon the advocates of the Referendum it is incumbent to show that it is advisable still further to increase that complexity. Those who have denounced the Referendum, often in needlessly offensive language, as an "exotic," had, I suppose, in view the fact that it is with a nation as with an individual; character grows gradually if it grows at all; the Constitution of a nation, the embodiment of its political character, should do the same; the additions to it should be of a piece with that which exists. I venture to think that answers to these questions are of more importance than information as to how the Referendum works in Switzerland. The true Referendum may be defined as the power of the people (*i.e.*, the body of electors) to reserve to themselves the right of proposing and enacting laws or rejecting them independently of the Legislature, or of approving or rejecting any Act passed by the Legislature. The Referendum may be obligatory or optional; it may be applicable to all questions or to some; it may, as in some American States, be in terms inapplicable to "emergency legislation"; it may be confined to amendments in the written Constitution. It may be easily set in motion by a small number of electors, or it may be subject to conditions which render the use of it rare. But one essential it must have: it must be supreme over the Legislature. I do not therefore include in the category of Referendum such measures as those adopted in Illinois and Texas, which give facilities for the electorate to express formally upon proposals opinions to which the Legislature may pay no heed. The history of the measure

has been told by MM. Duguit and Monnier and by M. Esmein.¹ I will only mention one or two elementary facts. The Convention having adopted the principle of direct legislation, the Referendum was inserted in the French Constitution of 1793 and in that of 1795. It was the logical deduction of the "Contrat Social," the Bible of the party in power; the outcome of what its author called "*le simple droit de voter dans tout acte de souveraineté, drot que rien ne peut ôter aux citoyens*" (Lib. IV., c. I.). At present the Referendum forms part of the Federal Constitution of Switzerland, the Constitutions of certain cantons of that country and of certain States in America, and of the Federal Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth. Wherever the Referendum is found two or three conditions exist, of which the first is a purely democratic theory of government; the prevalence of a theory that political power is derived from the people in the sense of the majority of the electors; that the members of the legislative bodies are delegates with limited instructions, to which they are bound to conform; that so far as is possible that power should be exercised directly by the voter. I do not say that this theory is carried out anywhere to the letter; it is most nearly reached wherever the Referendum exists. It follows from this theory that when the "mandate" given to the representatives or delegates does not cover the particular question before the country there should be a reference to the electors in order that their instructions be obtained. A second condition is that there should be either a rigid constitution or a special set of laws, marked off from ordinary legislation (constitutional laws, organic laws), not to be altered except in a special manner prescribed in the Constitution.

¹ "Elements de Droit Constitutionnel," 260, *et seq.*

or by a reference to the parties to the agreement—i.e., by Referendum. Here, too, the Referendum is reasonable; at all events, there are distinct grounds for withdrawing such matters from the ordinary course of legislation.

I may add as a third condition: when the Constitution is—as all Federal Constitutions are—the result of an agreement between States. Here, too, the Referendum is the natural mode of effecting an amendment in which is a contract between independent Powers. As the commentators on the Australian Commonwealth Act remark: “A Federal legislation is a mere creation of the Federal Constitution; it is a mere instrument or servant of a Federal community; it is an agent, not a master” (Quick and Garran, p. 988).

So far none of these conditions exist with us. I take first the second point. The Empire, as distinguished from the United Kingdom, has certain chapters of a written Constitution. Each of the statutes establishing in Canada, Australia, South Africa, Parliaments and Governments is a constitutional measure just as much as is the Constitution of the United States. These measures may require to be amended. But for the Referendum in the sense of an appeal to the people of the United Kingdom there is no place. Theoretically the British Parliament might change these measures. Practically they can be changed only by the Dominions themselves. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned all our law stands in the same position. Parliament is supreme; the last limitation to it was removed when the conception of a law above Parliaments was abandoned.²

I take next the first named essential condition, which is the most important of all. Representative govern-

ment and direct legislation are not identical. On the contrary, they are, according to the great exponent of the latter, irreconcilable; there can be no representation with true democracy as he understands it. In a famous passage in the “*Contrat Social*” Rousseau says: “Les députés du peuple ne sont donc ni ne peuvent être ses représentants; ils ne sont que ses Commissaires; ils ne peuvent rien conclure définitivement. . . . L’idée des représentants est moderne; elle nous vient de cet inique et absurde Gouvernement dans lequel l’espèce humaine est dégradée et où le nom d’homme est en dishonneur” (“*Contrat Social*,” III., c. XV.). A system of delegates as distinguished from representatives may be the ultimate and necessary evolution of democracy; the sovereignty of the people may ultimately mean that and no less; there are signs that we are travelling to that end. But it signifies a transformation of the constitutional position of a member of Parliament, and in the long run of the House of Commons. There seems no escape from this; either the Referendum will be so rarely employed as to be of little account, or there will be a gradual impairment of the power of the House of Commons. The automaton M.P.—he who gets his opinions from the whip or his constituents—is, I am told, not unknown. He will be avowedly the normal member when the Referendum is in full operation; in regard to fundamental questions, those which elevate politics above the petty concerns of life, and which alone make them the worthy pursuit of high-minded men, it will be their business not to form opinions, but to take orders.

I add a further query. Those who have urged the adoption of the Referendum have not told us why, if the Referendum is desirable, is not also the Initiative; why is it not the more desirable of the two? The popular will

² See McIlwain's “Supremacy of Parliament.”

may be thwarted by lack of legislation just as much as by legislation. I am not sure that the case for the Initiative is not somewhat stronger than that for the Referendum, now that the constitutional right of petition is practically useless; that the power of the private member to initiate important legislation is at an end; that questions which do not give trouble to Governments are apt to be overlooked; that measures which do not bring fame and popularity to an Administration are not introduced or not pressed forward and passed; and that the power of minorities is probably more restricted than it ever was in parliamentary history. When one sees measures of great consequence pushed aside to give place to those lending themselves to party cries, the case for the Initiative seems the strongest.

The advantages claimed for the Referendum are mainly: (1) Its educational effect; "It is most favorable to the advancement of the education of the people" (Oswald, "Direct Legislation by the People," p. 9). (2) The supposed power of the people of judging of measures which are to their interest; "The experience of democracy teaches that a people can be more easily misled when there is a question of persons than when there is a question of things" (Oswald, "Direct Legislation by the People," p. 8). (3) The Referendum is the only means, it is said, of keeping the Legislature in touch with the people. (4) The separation of measures from men; "It (the Referendum) separates public issues from men and gets the people into the habit of considering the advisability of laws upon their merits" (Pierce, "Federal Usurpation," p. 104). (5) The Referendum would correct the anomalies of our electoral system; each voter would have one vote; each vote would have one value; a vote in Ireland would not count for more than a vote in London. (6) The

Referendum would be a protection against hurried legislation.

Some of these claims—e.g., No. 2—carry with them their refutation; at all events, whatever weight they may have in Switzerland, where no party system similar to ours exists, where Bills are short and simple, where the principle of a measure can readily be disentangled from a few details, and approval or disapproval of it can be intelligently expressed by a "Yes" or a "No," they have little bearing upon legislation in England, which is generally complex, full of details, often the result of complicated compromises between opposing parties. Probably the warmest admirer of popular government would not attribute to electors greater power of discriminating as to the merits of measures than their representatives. There are large classes of legislation of which they are notoriously bad or imperfect judges. Probably no recent statutes have done more good, physically and morally, to the people than the Public Health Acts. Yet it may well be doubted whether such measures would have met with the approval of the great body of the electors. They would have been repelled by the multiplied provisions interfering with personal liberty. The Referendum might occasionally prevent hurried legislation; it might also occasionally be the instrument of parties. But if it acted as a restraint upon precipitate legislation, at what a price would this be purchased! If there were withdrawn from the House of Commons the last word as to constitutional legislation—i.e., as to legislation affecting the Crown, the composition and powers of the two Houses of Parliament, the electorate and the component parts of the Empire—what would be left for Parliament? Besides, who is to determine what are constitutional questions? Not the Government of the day, an interested

party. If a body of judges, they would be invested with dangerous or invidious powers in excess of those of the Supreme Court of the United States; the latter construe a written document; the former would be free to launch out on the wide sea of constitutional law.

Whatever element of truth may be in these claims for the Referendum, most of them would be met by short Parliaments, by reforms in electoral distribution, and by some measure securing the representation of minorities. I will not dwell upon all the many disadvantages incident to the Referendum—*c.g.*, the expense of the system, the difficulty of amending measures which had been once approved. I mention only one vital objection. What is now the problem of political problems, the difficult conciliation to be made, if possible, here and wherever democracy exists? To maintain it while eliminating its dangers; to combine the power of the people with the just influence of knowledge; to unite free political life with discipline and self-restraint; to find protection not only against oppression, which is now rare, but also against ignorance, which is always common. The Referendum is no solution of this problem; it might make the combination to be desired rarer and more difficult.

In the writings of publicists there has been much refined discussion as to
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the true distinction between representative government and the rule of the many, direct and unqualified. The former has been described as a method of eliciting the collective will, the true will of the community. Guizot, the historian of representative government, sees in it a method by which prominence is given to the best elements scattered through society: "*Les organiser en pouvoir de fait, c'est à dire de concentrer, de réaliser la raison publique, la morale publique, et de les appeler au pouvoir.*"³ These are dark sayings, refinements not in touch with facts, abstractions which often conceal the advocacy or defence of class interest. The essence of the representative system, stated in simple words according with facts, is trust by the many in the worthiest available. It is this trust which gives to representative government what is best in aristocracy without its drawbacks. It is this trust, used on the whole honestly and wisely, which has so far confuted the oldest and most common accusations against democracy; and such hope as exists that the evils incident to democracy may be more and more avoided depends upon the continuance of a system under which the many repose confidence in a select few. And this element the Referendum and Initiative would weaken.

John Macdonell.

MRS. SMITH.

I had lived in London long enough, with no break but that of a brief yearly holiday and such short absences as I was able to steal from work for shooting with my friends. In winter I made a point of a day's hunting on a Saturday, and hunting by train is tiring and unsatisfactory. London will always have its charms for me. I

know it and love it. I can find my way about it in the densest November fog. I feel at home in a thousand odd corners of it. I have been blessed with many friendships made and cemented there. And yet I began to feel that I wanted to make my home in the

³ Guizot, "*Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif*," II., 150.

country, more especially since it seemed likely to be a bachelor home till the end. I have seen too many old London club bachelors to wish to fossilize into one myself. Only the other day I saw in "The Times" the death of one of them. I had known him pretty well for twenty years, and liked him; but I had not heard he was ill, and I went to the lodging-house in Bury Street where he had lived. The landlord of the house opened the door to me himself, and I asked sympathetically about my old acquaintance.

"Was any one with him at the end?" I said.

"Oh dear, no, sir; just the nurse in the nursing home we had to take him to. She said he went off very nicely. I went up the next morning, and his cousin, Mr. Blackwell, came next day. We buried him this morning at Kensal Green, poor old gentleman. Thirty-three years he lived here, sir. I bought him with the lease—he had only a bedroom—had all his meals at the club. That's all he had"—turning and pointing to a portmanteau, a bag, and a hat-box, lying together in the passage. "We're sending them on to Mr. Blackwell's in Leicestershire to-night." And he laughed a little, not unkindly, at the meagre show the battered old luggage made.

Well, I turned away with a shudder. It mustn't come to this with me. Yet how easily it might! Here was a man who, twenty years before, had crowds of friends, was welcome everywhere, had good looks, good breeding, to commend him—and yet it came to this, a hired bed and a hired nurse at the end. Where was the woman he had loved and lost, whose arm should have been round him, whose lips should have been on his tired forehead?

Perhaps she read it in "The Times"—perhaps she missed it. She chose

otherwise years ago, and he became a London clubman.

Now, surely in the country there would be less risk of such a dreary exit. Some kindly neighbor would know my house and know that I lived there, and would hear that I was dying and come and see me. So the news would spread a little in my backwater, and the other denizens would surely come and ask about me, and perhaps come in and see me. And if I had a couple of servants they might attach themselves to me, and perhaps let my surviving relations, if I have any, know—and so on. Yes, the country is kinder then. It knows more than one wants it to know sometimes, but that makes for sympathy in the long run, perhaps.

I took a small house in the hunting country where I was wont to go, and where my horses were standing, and I furnished it and rebuilt the stables and moved in.

This was all tolerably easy, and there is no trouble about managing stables and stablemen.

But my domestic troubles in the other department of my household were really rather overwhelming at first. All my female relatives had taken the deepest interest in the question of my establishment. It was quite clear I couldn't "keep house" myself—I didn't know tapioca from sago, and don't know it now—and I hadn't the remotest idea how many pounds of meat or butter "went to" each person in the establishment per week, nor could I remember it for twenty-four hours when I was told.

One said I must have a "general," and she advertised at her own charges in her own local paper for a "general" for me. Another declared that "generals" were unsatisfactory, and that I must have a "cook-housekeeper." Another said I absolutely *must* have a man and wife, and get rid of Clarke.

Well, I began rather badly. My relations had all written voluminous letters on the subject, but not one of them had found me the woman she was seeking for me, and described with such insistence and graphic power. The less able they seemed to find me any one, the better able they were to describe the ideal I must strive for, and must on no account exchange for any other, even if I starved and failed to get my bed made in the meantime.

So when it was getting near the time for moving in, I went to an agency near my lodging and took the first woman they recommended to me. She seemed a pleasant sort of person, and the agent said she had a good character, and she came. I wrote to each of my advisers, and said I hoped I had found just the person she had been so anxious for me to have; and I invited them all to come and stay with me later on and see for themselves.

I had to put off their visits. I had quite a good dinner the first evening I went down to my new house. Mrs. Woolley had arrived earlier in the day. Before dinner she sent me a message through Clarke to say that there was no sherry to cook with. I didn't know one cooked with sherry, but Clarke said it was usual in "good houses," so I sent him to the kitchen with a bottle, and he came back and said Maraschino would be necessary for the ice. So I sent Maraschino. My relations all said afterwards that was unwise. Anyhow, breakfast was very unpunctual next morning, and I had reason to complain of other matters, and Mrs. Woolley left in tears, invoking alternate blessings and curses on me and my house, and escorted to the station by Clarke and my groom, who gave her a bottle of soda-water for her refreshment on the journey to her home and handed her ticket to the guard.

I dined for several nights at the mess—it was on the outskirts of a gar-

rison town I had settled—by the kindness of my military friends, or at my club in London. And then I found Kate Cleary. She was a "general." A poor fellow I knew had married on two-pence a-year and no expectations, and his pretty little wife had died and left him stranded with a baby and a nurse and a small flat in Kensington and a "general." His mother took the baby and the nurse, and I took the general—at his urgent request. He said she was a treasure, and had been one of the comforts of his short married life.

I don't know why, but my bachelor establishment didn't seem to suit her. She was Irish and a Roman Catholic, and I think Clarke must have aired some offensive heretical doctrines at tea the evening she came, or have spoken disrespectfully of the Pope of Rome. She sent me up a beastly dinner, and I have a suspicion that Clarke made discourteous remarks about it when it became his supper in the kitchen later in the evening. Kate Cleary resigned the next day, and totally declined to stay even for the usual month. I dined out once or twice again, and then I went up to London for a day or two to think it over. And there I found Mrs. Smith.

I was dining with some friends of mine, and described my situation in such affecting terms to an old friend whom I had taken in to dinner, that she declared she must sacrifice something herself to help me, and that if I would like to have her housemaid, who had been with various members of her family, in various capacities, for years and years, and was an excellent cook, she felt sure I should never regret it.

She was quite frank about it all, and told me Mrs. Smith had been with her and her family so long that they recognized their obligation to pension her before many years were past, and would certainly do it, whether she

came to me or not, when the time arrived; that she was, however, still able and anxious to work, and that their only reason for wanting to part with the woman was that the rest of their household was banded together in arms against her, and the retreat of one side of the battle was necessary for the general peace and comfort. Obviously the retreat of the numerically smaller, if not the weaker, side would cause less inconvenience, so Mrs. Smith should come to me.

"Now, don't argue about it," Lady Colesden said. "You know I wouldn't send you any one I didn't think would really suit you, and the old soul is honest as daylight and as sober as a judge, and I'll send her down to-morrow to see you. If you are very nice to her and make the best of the place, perhaps I'll be able to drive her out of my house and into yours by next week, and then we shall both be happy ever after. If you find her intolerable, let me know at once and I'll take her away and send her to the country in some capacity or other, but I really believe she is exactly what you want."

So Mrs. Smith came, and my material comfort was assured from that moment. We didn't, however, take very readily to one another. It occurred to me that perhaps she thought I was more deeply concerned in the plot to eject her from Lady Colesden's than was the case; and I doubted her remaining with me long. But she was an excellent cook, never plagued me to order dinner or anything else, and she kept the weekly bills down to a figure that the most critical of my female acquaintances were fain to admit was miraculous.

And I couldn't help feeling an interest in the woman. She was remarkable to look at. She was very tall, spare, and muscular. And her face had evidently been of remarkable

beauty in youth. Even now in her old age her chiselled features and dark eyes would have attracted attention in a woman of any rank in life, and had a look of breeding that is rare in the humbler walks. Age and hard work had furrowed her features; the fire in the woman's eyes, one could see, would be unquenchable. Her thick gray hair was hidden away in a servant's cap. She was illiterate: her house accounts were miracles of laborious ill-spelling. Clarke hated her. He complained bitterly to me of the wrongs he suffered at her hands; but, whenever I investigated a complaint, it turned out Mrs. Smith was in the right and Clarke was in fault. So he soon gave up complaining to me.

It was during the investigation of some of these indictments that I came to know the woman better and to like her more. Her rigid devotion to my interests became apparent, as well as her loyalty to a fellow-servant, even under pretty difficult conditions. And I took occasion to tell Clarke that I thought him a poor-spirited individual, and that if he didn't work amicably with my housekeeper there were plenty of other valets who would. He wasn't a bad sort of fellow in his way, and he responded to treatment and got on better. But he was afraid of Mrs. Smith.

Now, in order to show the extraordinary character of Mrs. Smith and the influence she has had upon my affairs, I must go back to earlier years and relate certain circumstances that I have never cared to speak of to any one since they occurred.

And the three beloved people for whom alone I am writing this must understand that the whole course of events which followed my engagement of Mrs. Smith only became known to me afterwards: at the time of their occurrence I was kept in ignorance of them, and, as far as Mrs. Smith was

concerned, I should have remained in ignorance of them to this day.

We had played together as children, Helen and I: our homes were within a couple of miles of one another: our parents were intimate friends. My father was master of foxhounds and friend of all the county. Helen's father was in the diplomatic service, and only came home from abroad at rare intervals during her childhood. After her mother died, the little girl of four or five was sent home and lived there entirely during the five years of her father's widowhood and until his second wife—a cousin of Lady Colesden, mentioned before in this chronicle—came to take charge of her. During those five years my mother had had the child a great deal with her, and when I was at home for my school holidays we had hunted together on our ponies and together enjoyed all the fun and amusement that boys and girls can devise in an English country home. And Helen was happy on the whole—lonely at times, but with an intense joy in life and activity and the human sympathy of those she knew and loved; shy and reserved with strangers, afraid of her grave and silent father, whose caress was a cold handshake, whose vision was too short to see the love and longing drowning in the child's great brown eyes just for lack of a touch, a word, to draw them to him from those depths.

Then for six or seven years Helen lived nearly altogether abroad. I don't think I saw her more than once or twice during that time. I was grown to manhood; she was growing to womanhood. My father died, and our old home was broken up, and I only went back to its neighborhood when I could find time from my work to pay visits. Whenever I rode through Alderholt its blinds were down, its chimneys smokeless. Rumor told that Helen had

grown into a beautiful and gracious woman, tall and grave, but with a sweet smile, people said, that charmed all and sundry. It was reported that all the under-secretaries were her willing slaves, that foreign nobles risked their lives and limbs freely at the "*chasse au wild-fox*" when Helen rode and negotiated her fences as neatly as my father had taught her. *En amazone* she was irresistible; and the Marquis de Gallifet-Perpignan, who had never been on a horse in his life, but attended every "*rendezvous*" in a "*mail*," had a scarlet dress-coat faced with blue made at his tailor's, and gilt buttons adorned with his own coronet, and wore the thing at the Embassy ball, to his own intense satisfaction, feeling certain that the subjection of mademoiselle was then only a matter of moments to any one so killing and so altogether sporting in appearance.

Helen wrote to my mother an amusing account of it and of the poor little man's afterdoubts as to whether he shouldn't have worn spurs to complete the effect.

That Christmas she came to London, and stayed a little while with my mother, and I saw her again.

She was as cordial and friendly with me as ever, and we talked over all our old adventures and jaunts together, and laughed over our happy days, our rides, our long, cold waitings under the fir-trees for wood pigeons, when Helen had the chilly satisfaction of holding the next two cartridges for my gun, and hung between joy on the one hand and horror at the sight of the killed on the other,—a wounded bird was more than she could bear without protesting tears. But to my wondering delight she was no longer the child whose moods were as open to me as the air. She was a shy and lovely woman, trained in the ways of society to a *savoir faire* perfect for her youth and

position. With her gracious friendliness there was a serene and womanly reserve that seemed to compel courtesy and chivalry wherever she went.

My mother was charmed by her; the girl's attention to the elder woman was beautiful in its unostentatious and natural kindness and simplicity. When she went abroad again my mother openly lamented. She said she wished she had a daughter like Helen to comfort her in her old age. I didn't answer that rather wistful remark.

Helen was gone, and life seemed rather drab and work rather more than usually dry and uninteresting for a long time after.

Some few months later we heard of her stepmother's death. Helen wrote that her father was much broken, and had thoughts of retiring from the service and coming home, but she almost hoped he would not do so; she could not think what he would make of life alone with her at Alderholt. After some hesitation he chose, we heard, to remain in the service; and Helen did not come home that winter. Her father asked my mother if she would have her to stay in London during the following season, when her mourning might be mitigated, and she might see something of society in London; and my mother accepted the plan with pleasure.

Her father wrote again: he was infinitely relieved—he had of late been deeply concerned about Helen's future and prospects. He had the greatest anxiety as to her proper chaperonage and care. Situated as he was, he scarcely knew whether it was right she should be abroad with him at all with no other lady in the house. My mother smiled a contemptuous smile, and gave a little snort of impatience at the man's stupidity. "But he always was a selfish toad," she muttered with apparent irrelevance.

Helen's coming to my mother at the

earliest date that could be arranged was the most satisfactory way out of his "anxieties and difficulties," as he called them, as to his child, and he thanked her sincerely.

It was April before she reached London, and she came rather sad and troubled. Her father had decided to break up his household altogether and dismiss all his English servants to their homes. Helen foresaw that she would hardly prevail on him to let her collect an establishment again later in the year, and it meant either his coming home to England then, or living abroad without her, or without a settled home for her to share with him. Above all, she deplored losing her own especial Catherine, who had been her particular and attached guardian and body-servant since her childhood, ever since Helen's stepmother had brought her to the house. I believe Catherine was what is called a school-room maid. Anyhow, Helen loved the woman and valued her. She was to have a lady's-maid with all the accomplishments requisite in such a person, and Catherine was to return to Larks Lacey to her dead mistress's family—with whom she had lived many years. Helen was especially sad the day she parted with her Catherine in London. She came downstairs with her eyes very bright, and my mother gave her a watch on a little chain for her birthday soon afterwards, since from that afternoon Helen wore no watch.

Well, the season wore on and Helen enjoyed it. My mother, I think, enjoyed her own rejuvenation as she called it, as keenly as the beautiful girl. It was a delight to the elder woman to have so striking and altogether charming a companion to take about, to present to her Sovereign—Helen's high-bred beauty shone resplendent that day,—to talk to of all the womanly things that women love to discuss. My mother was womanly

to the core, though she took a masculine, and never a feminine, view of all questions, if there were such a choice of views.

I was never much of a ball-goer, but I went to balls that year just to see Helen dance and to help her, if I could, to enjoy them. We rarely stayed late. She liked her morning canter in the Park, and my mother made me get the most perfect hack I could procure for her to ride. I enjoyed taking her to the Row more than going with her to balls, and I think, on the whole, I preferred the young men who wanted to ride alongside her to the young men who crowded round her in the ball-room praying for dances. There were plenty of them in both places.

There was one who rarely failed to appear both at the balls and in the Row, and I know I didn't like him to be near her in either place. He was the handsomest man in his way I have ever seen, and a born actor. Of an old ennobled family, he was the eldest of a large number of sons, every one of whom was wild and ungoverned. He alone of them preserved a show of respectability and decorum, and did it very well. His pose was respectability and decorum under difficulties. He had the art of living in public with the appearance of wishing to be obscure and retired—of showing that he knew all his family's shortcomings while seeming to strive to hide them from the world. He belonged to good clubs, but had no intimate men friends. I had been at Eton with him and remembered him at Oxford too. Well, I wasn't his intimate friend at either place.

It was only after he had left those seats of learning that the actor's art had been brought to such perfection, though it had served him well with masters and others in authority in his boyhood. But then he had over-acted, and we, his contemporaries in age,

were perhaps more disgusted with his attempts to conceal his misdeeds than with his iniquities themselves. Youth will forgive most things to the ingenuous and sincere.

Now Helen liked him, and it worried me to see him about her.

Early in July she had a telegram from her father and was called abroad. He had had a severe accident, and Helen left us in haste in charge of a suitable chaperone for the journey.

Her accounts of her father were not reassuring. My mother wanted to go out to her, but Helen wrote they were up in the hills where her father had met with his accident, and there was no accommodation except for the necessary nurses and the doctor, and that she was well and was well looked after. Should need arise she would telegraph.

By degrees the injured man mended, and at last they were able to move him down to the sea at Bordighera, and there it was proposed they should winter.

My mother went to them in November and sent me news from time to time. Helen was well—her father very much failed. That man whose presence near Helen had troubled me was at Bordighera too, and they saw a great deal of him. He was kindness itself to the sick man; and his musical genius—as real as his facility in foreign languages—was a constant solace and pleasure to them all.

Well, it all ended as I knew from that moment it would end. Helen loved him, and in March, before her father died, she married this man.

For four years I never saw her at all, nor was she in England for more than fleeting visits, and I only heard of them when she had gone. And then I saw her again.

We met in Curzon Street by chance as she was turning to go into a house; and, after warmly greeting her, I

asked if I might come in and see her. I have never paid so sad a visit as this. Helen looked twenty years older than when she left us—a sad, broken woman, careworn and tired. I could scarcely believe it was our Helen. She opened the door of the room on the first floor, evidently a sitting-room in a private hotel, and seemed nervous and anxious on entering. But no one was there. We talked long about my mother and her recent death, and Helen's tears fell when she deplored her loss and recalled her friendship and affection.

"I am a good deal alone in the world now," she said—and I dared not reply. "You see I have lived so much abroad and seen so little of people here, and my relations are all gone: I never had many. Still, I mustn't groan, for those friends I have are near and dear." And she smiled very sadly, I thought, and half rose, as if she must be alone. So I left her. It was more than I could do to remain longer without speaking out and asking what was killing her. And all the time I was certain I knew the answer. I could have shot that man then.

I had a letter from her next evening telling me they were leaving London. They were to take a house there later on and live in England. She didn't know if she was glad or sorry. She hoped to see me when they came.

I could do nothing: I went to Lady Colesden and heard from time to time where they were, and where the house was they had taken, and when they were coming. I wouldn't ask Lady Colesden about Helen or what was wrong, and she said little, but enough to confirm what I felt before.

When they came to London I wrote and asked Helen if I should come and see her, and she replied I must come, and often, but I should not find the house very lively. She was not very well, and had lost the art of cheerful-

ness. I went as often as I could, but it was a misery and a torture to see my dear companion of the past so changed and ill. It seemed to do her good at first, and then later on I could see she was more wretched still. She kept a brave and smiling face, you must remember, and it was terrible to us both when one day I was shown into her drawing-room and found her whiter than a ghost, shivering and cold, though it was July, while on the parquet of the long inner room I heard a man's step—I knew it was her husband's—retreating towards the staircase.

What had passed I knew not, but I took Helen's hand and held it in both mine and told her I had always loved her as a dear sister—that her bidding was my law—that if there was any service in the world I could render her, then or ever, she must speak and it were done.

It was not many months after then that I left London. She had made me promise to keep away. She had promised that if I could help she would let me. She had begged me not to write.

I felt I could not ask Lady Colesden or any one else about her, but Helen's sad voice haunted me night and day.

To return to my bachelor home. I was away on a shooting visit for three nights. It was freezing hard and five o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Smith was alone in the house at tea in her tidy little kitchen and my old dog was comfortably curled up in front of the fire. Suddenly he lifted his head and a moment later the front-door bell rang. Mrs. Smith went to the door and opened it.

"Catherine, is it you?" said a trembling voice, and a trembling hand caught her arm; "but are you alone? Is this your house? Oh, surely I have made some mistake."

"My dearie, no, no mistake to come to Catherine. Oh, my lamb. Oh! my lady, no, no, it's all safe here. Catherine is all alone—there's no one else. Come to the fire—you won't mind the kitchen, Miss Helen, and here's tea, for you're cold and shivering."

"Are you sure you're alone, Catherine? I couldn't come in if you weren't. I only got your address to-day, and I thought you were in your own home. Whose house is it? I wanted to rest quietly for a little, and I've brought a handbag so that I might stay with you."

And Catherine told her whose house it was. "But you've come to see me, Miss Helen, nobody but me. I know that. And when you've had your tea and are warm, we will talk it all over and settle what you are going to do. Now don't cry, my dearie, it's only stupid old Catherine fussing about you and you're cold. Catherine is going to take your shoes off and warm those poor chilled feet. You must have come by train," and the poor woman talked on to hide her horror and distress, and to give herself time to think and plan for her dear little girl as she ever called her in her heart. She was the Catherine from whom Helen had parted years ago in my mother's house.

"No, now, Miss Helen, you must trust me. I'll never tell any one. We must get you warm and strong before the seven o'clock train and then we will go together. No one will come in till then; the stablemen have their tea in their own room and don't come in till supper-time, and then you and I will be gone. Now, rest in that chair," and Catherine turned down the gas and made the warm kitchen dim in the firelight to hide those tears that wrung her very soul to see.

And the poor tired girl rested for an hour in my house, tended by the

woman who loved her best in the world.

"But he must never know, Catherine. Oh, if I had only known you lived *here* I should have missed this happy hour you've given me, for I shouldn't have come! Now, I must go, and must go back to London."

"I am coming with you, Miss Helen. No, I *will* come. I couldn't let you go alone."

So the two women left the house. Mrs. Smith turned back after they had gone a hundred yards or so and went to the stables. There she gave my groom the house key, charging him to wait till she came back, and an hour and a half later her dear Helen was back in her "home" in London, lying dry-eyed in her bed waiting for the dawn.

I came home the next day. Life went on in its usual channels, and Christmas was approaching. It was unusually cold and wet, rain and snow alternating, till the river was in flood and the country almost too deep to ride over. The river runs past the back of my house, at the bottom of a steep hill, on which, sloping to the sun, is my kitchen-garden. There is a rough road that was formerly a tow-path between my garden wall and the river, and there is a door in the wall leading on to it by four or five downward steps. The poorer part of the town lies a little way up-stream; and, down-stream, the road leads to some brickfields and the railway embankment.

Late in December I was dining at the barracks one night, and was to dress there, to save myself the trouble of going home and turning out again. Clarke had taken on my things, and Mrs. Smith was alone in the house. There was a knock at the door, and in a moment she knew what had happened, and in another moment her dear Helen was in her arms again. She was very pale and very calm.

"Yes, Catherine, I knew this time whose house it was. I have to see him. Some one must protect me now, and I know nobody but him and you."

"Oh my dearie, come in and let us think what's best," and, supporting her, Mrs. Smith led this poor child into the kitchen again, and darkened it and fussed round her, searching and craving for some guidance in this hopeless trouble.

They had been there less than an hour when Helen started up as a man's footsteps passed the window on the gravel-walk and the dog rose growling and moved towards the front hall.

"Oh! Catherine, some one is coming. You mustn't let him in. What shall I do?"

Silent and absolutely calm, Mrs. Smith took her to the back stairs and pointed to the door of a room at the top. It was her own bedroom.

"Go in there."

Swiftly she went herself to the front door and opened it. Through the wet fog she saw the figure of a man she recognized. He asked if I was at home.

"No, sir, he is not. He is dining out and will not be home till late. Would you please to leave any message?" she asked, as the man hesitated and had no card to hand her.

He was silent a moment, and then, with an oath, said—yes, he had a message. "There is some one in this house I want to see. I don't believe he is dining out," and he strode into the hall. Mrs. Smith could see he had been drinking, and was livid with passion as well, but she kept very still.

"You must be making some mistake, sir. There is no one here. My master is dining at the barracks, and his servant has taken his things there. You will find him there if you like to call; it is not far. Or would you like to come in and write a note?"

He hesitated. Yes, he would come

in; and he passed into my sitting-room and looked round. Mrs. Smith had taken in a lamp from the hall, and then she opened the door that led into my dining-room; that, too, was dark and empty.

He cursed again as he took up a piece of paper from my writing-table and then threw it down. He got up and swung round to the door and out into the hall. There he listened a moment, and then Mrs. Smith's face paled, but she stood quite still. He cursed again, and asked the way to the barracks—no, to the railway station,—in that damned fog who could find his way?

"The station, sir? Oh, well, that's not far at all, but the road is full of turns; and if you would like to go a straighter way, I can let you out by the garden-gate. If you had a train to catch, it might be better. Would you come this way?" And she moved to the door leading to the garden. He followed her, and she passed rapidly on, down the slope of the garden, to the river door.

"This way, sir; you come to the railway a little way down. You can see the lights now. If you follow the road it brings you to the station." This was true, but it was to Tatfield Station, our junction, and three miles away.

She was holding the door open for him to pass on to the steps. He moved through it, looked down the stream, and, misliking the blackness of the road, he turned to repossess into the garden, saying he would rather go by the way he came. In an instant the heavy door swung round with tremendous force, struck him on the outstretched hand and full on the face. He crashed down the steps, with an oath for every step, and as he collected himself and gained his feet, to find the door firm and blank, Mrs. Smith was coursing up the path swifter than one

can tell it and back into the house.

"Miss Helen, come at once. We can catch the train, and we must get to London and then think what to do. This is no place for you to-night, Miss Helen."

Swiftly she dressed for the journey. In two minutes she was with Helen in the road, and then went back to warn my men in the stable that she should be away till late; would they tell me if I came in before she returned.

When I got home at midnight Mrs. Smith was there, and hot soup was ready for me by my fire, and the house was as ordered and comfortable as she always made it.

It was a Friday night that I dined at the barracks: on Sunday morning I had a letter from Lady Colesden:

"I think I ought to write and let you know what is happening to Helen, since you and I are perhaps the nearest approach to real relations she has in the world. You know I have scarcely seen her for years. After my poor cousin died and that idiot of a father of hers let Helen make that deplorable marriage—of course he didn't know what he was doing, but any one but an idiot would have known: I never had any patience with the man—Helen has been more and more difficult to find, and for several years now she has kept away from us quite pointedly. She is a perfect dear and it broke my heart to think why it was.

"Well, last night, imagine my astonishment when I got home from dining out. There was a very untidy note scribbled in pencil, and Hicks said a street messenger brought it about ten o'clock. It wasn't signed, but asked me to go at once to Eaton Place to Helen's house, as some one should be with her.

"I didn't quite like it, so I thought I would take Robert with me in case

he could be useful—there are times, you know, when he really is a prop!

"When we got to the house the servant said Helen had come home about nine o'clock and gone straight to her room, saying she was tired and would not come down. She had been out since afternoon. He did not know where she had dined. She had left no message about me, and I was rather hesitating what to do, and Robert said, as she had gone to her room two hours before, she was probably sound asleep by then, and there must be some mistake about the note. That seemed reasonable, and just as we were leaving, a cab drove up to the door and there was a fuss and bother about getting something out of it. A policeman who had come in it was pulling and tugging, and presently there emerged the figure of Helen's husband.

"It was here that I began to be most sincerely thankful that I had had the foresight to bring Robert with me. We could see some of the trouble at once. The man had been drinking; he was drenched (you know what a night it was); he was covered with mud, and his face was dreadfully bruised on one side and his right hand damaged. Robert is capital when things get tangled, and he took charge of the situation at once. He found the policeman was a railway man—they had discovered the wretch in a first-class carriage of the train at Paddington, and he was just able to say he had come from Tatfield but could give no account of his injuries; but he gave his address.

"Robert and I both had misgivings while the policeman was speaking that the man was really ill as well as battered, and though I wouldn't have touched him with the tongs otherwise, that somehow did compel me to see what I could do for him when we had got him on to a sofa in the library. Robert simply enveloped that police-

man in the necessity for letting nothing get into the papers, and talked about the chairman of the railway whom he meant to see about it all in the morning; then he sent the footman for a doctor, while I prevented any one going upstairs to Helen till we knew what was wrong.

"Well, my dear friend, it was a positive relief to me when the doctor came and said the man was very seriously ill. I felt so dreadfully afraid he was going to say I was wasting my sympathies and energies on the animal's disgusting habitual state.

"Then we had him carried up to his room, and I sent for Helen's maid to tell Helen I was downstairs. There I sat wondering whether she had a servant in the house who was any sort of comfort to her, and grudging you old Mrs. Smith, who used to be with her, as I daresay you know, when she was a child, till Alice died and that senseless father of Helen's broke up the household and sent her back to Lark's Lacey and I took her as housemaid.

"Helen came down at last, but, of course, she had heard them moving in his room and had been in there to see. So she knew before I saw her, and it was evidently a fearful shock. I have never seen any one look so worn and broken, and she was so dear and nice to me.

"I came over to her this morning after I had been home for breakfast and a change of raiment, and here I am. Helen has been with him nearly all day. The doctor says he must have been in a bad state of health for a long time, and the chill he has had will be very hard to recover from. The shock of the injuries is severe, and that is what prevents him being clear enough to tell how he came by them and what he was doing at Tatfield—if by chance he wanted to enlighten us: perhaps he doesn't.

"Helen is well; that is to say, she

isn't ill, and you needn't be anxious about her at present. She is nursing the man as if he had been a model of all the virtues all the time.

"I will tell you if there is any change. I have written folios, and must stop and try to get the dear thing to rest a little. And you are not to come now, Helen says. She would rather see you later on. Also, I would rather not share her with anybody at present, so you see I am not loth to pass you on her order. I don't seem to have any time to attend even to Robert and the children at present.

"But who in creation was it that sent me that note telling me to come here? ? ?"

Mrs. Smith did not come for orders next morning, and, as there was some household thing I had to tell her about, I sent for her. Then I told her I had had news from Lady Colesden of Helen's husband, and that I had heard for the first time that she had been Helen's maid long ago.

"Yes, sir, and I was very fond of the young lady, sir—very fond. And I am very sorry, sir, if she is in any trouble. I would be pleased if you would tell me if you hear again. And what would you like done with the woodcock, sir? Shall I cook them to-night, or keep them till next week?"

Mrs. Smith had changed the subject.

Three days later came another letter from Lady Colesden.

"It is nearly all over—the doctors say to-night must end it. Helen is very brave. She has been with him all day, and he is quite himself now and able to talk. They have been alone together, and she seems thankful and relieved, but inexpressibly sad. I suppose if I see much more of her I shall begin to be sorry he is going to die."

Summer came and went, and autumn

was fading into early sunsets and frosty mornings, and I was wondering whether I really took any interest in the General Election that was shaking the country, or not. Looking back, I know that I took none. But one day, having waded through the mass of election news in the paper, I came on a paragraph in the personal column saying that Helen had gone to Alderholt.

In ten minutes I had forgotten the meeting that evening at which I was to speak in support of our ardent Jingo candidate, and was on my way to—shire.

I found Helen, and told her I could wait no longer.

When we had settled one or two interesting matters, she told me the whole story of Mrs. Smith's—Catherine's—action of those fatal days. At the end her husband had recounted it all to her—his awful purpose in following her to my house, after he knew he had driven her by his cruelty to go; the servant-woman's treatment of the problem that faced her. He begged Helen's forgiveness, and she gave it. She had told him all that she did on that unhappy day, and how the loyal woman had shielded her from danger and from every breath of ill as far as lay in her resolute soul to do it.

And then—what could we do, we two together, to recompense such devoted service?

Just before we were married we made her come and see us, and told her we knew all she had done—that we owed her more than we could ever re-

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pay for her devotion and strength of purpose and loving care.

"You're not sending me away, Miss Helen?" (She never would call Helen by her first married name, or any version of it, if she could help it.) "Oh, don't send me away! I only came to you, sir, because I knew you were Miss Helen's friend. And if I may stay, don't, please, Miss Helen, ever talk about all that. You see, sir, I am just your servant, and hers, and if you were to make any difference with me I couldn't be still her servant. All I want is to stay and work for her. I've had trouble myself in my time. I knew, sir, that when a person's trouble is at its worst, there is something coming to help. It was like that with me. It was nothing I did—nothing. And please, Miss Helen, never speak of it again—oh, never, never!"

And the strong woman broke down, and we were fain to let her have her way.

So she stayed till she died; and I know that if Helen had a devoted husband—and I hope she had—she had an old servant-woman who loved her no less. And while that old servant lived, the story she would never bear to have told was heard by none.

Now it is written only that those three children of her beloved mistress—she nursed them all through childhood; and I can think of no one else to whom their mother would have entrusted them—may know how much they owe to Mrs. Smith.

C. H. B.

"THE SPECTATOR."

MARCH 1, 1711.

"It was," said Steele, recalling his first remembrance of his long friendship with Addison, and the warmest of welcomes accorded to the poor and fatherless boy at Lichfield, "It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal with that family." And though during the last days of Addison's life a somewhat heated disagreement on the contemporary peerage question ruffled their old intimacy, the two friends never had any difference of opinion "but what proceeded from their different ways of pursuing the same thing," and when they met, "talked as unreservedly as ever, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other." The words come a little oddly, perhaps, from such an ardent partisan as Steele, but he was getting old when he wrote them, and less eager than wise. Addison was dead, and his own sun in the west. Friendships as loyal, though few more famous than theirs, have brightened the records of the irritable tribe of authors, but to none is the world under a pleasanter obligation. It made their few years' collaboration in journalism one of the most delightful things in literature. Day after day the two men, at one in their main object, without sign of jealousy, even of rivalry, kept the shuttlecock of the *Spectator* deftly bobbing over the net of public approval; and when the game was finished it fell as naturally to the generous and impulsive heart of Steele to give Addison all the glory as it has fallen almost with one accord to their countless readers since to share it equally between them.

Like most unusually happy achievements, that of launching and keeping afloat the *Spectator* seems in retrospect as easy as it was inevitable. But a

slow and groping process preceded the triumphant event. Nathaniel Butters, whom, oddly enough, no satiated victim of the Press has yet connected with the mystical number 666, had set the ball rolling far back in 1622 with his *Weekly News*, the first of that swarm of newspapers we read to-day with greediness but without respect. Hot-foot after him came all the entirely terrestrial *Mercuries*, until to John Dunton occurred in 1690 the happy thought of a sheet that should entertain the public with "all the most nice and curious questions propounded by the ingenious of either sex." Questions, that is, which will continue to be asked and answered until the last trump, or a very fat Blue-book, shall resolve them once and for all. In 1704 Defoe's *Review* appeared, with its "Scandal Club." In 1707 Steele was appointed editor of the *London Gazette*, and given the man and the office, the precedent and the opportunity all together, the *Tatler* was a foregone conclusion.

But many numbers of the *Tatler* were to go by before it took its ripe and final shape. Steele gradually dropped out mere news, even the tastiest piece of which "loseth its flavor when it hath been an hour in the air," and began to swell out his little essays until they took up whole numbers. Before the *Tatler* set to tattling practically all newspapers had been true to their name. They retailed in all its natural nakedness what meagre information they could procure, and left reflection, criticism, and commentary to their readers. "Isaac Bickerstaff" began deliberately peering into matters of public taste—discourse, dress, behavior; he took upon himself the censorship of Great Britain, and set out frankly to instruct men what to think, only a less

difficult and dangerous business than that of instructing them how to think. But though in his lucubrations he was a good deal more generous with his physic than most editors of a later age have had the courage or the funds to dare to be, he endeared and won over his readers with a judiciously generous admixture of jam. If, then, Defoe may be called the father, it is not straining a point to call Steele the god-father, of English Journalism. And when with the eightieth number of the *Tatler* Addison joined his old schoolfellow, whose hand he had already detected in what had gone before, the infant was short-coated and well on its way to fending for itself; well on its way, indeed, to the usurpation of that editorial "We" that was to prove, as time went by, more powerful than Henry VIII., more capricious than Elizabeth.

So far as Steele's immediate purpose was concerned, he was in one thing at a real but easily avoidable disadvantage. All his life he was a strong and fearless, occasionally an extreme, party man. He could not, in his own strength, succeed in keeping politics out of his paper. And so in part, perhaps, for personal reasons connected with Harley, and in part because Addison clearly perceived that a dispenser and critic of what is common to all sociable humanity and nourishing to both sexes is apt to lose in persuasiveness and acceptability by any obvious bias to a particular party, on January 2, with its 274th number, the *Tatler* came to a calm but glorious end. A few weeks afterwards, on March 1, two hundred years ago, introduced by Addison, now at leisure after the fall of the Whigs, the Silent Man, the Looker-on, the quiet, attentive frequenter of all the humming Coffee-houses, the Stander-by who had never espoused any party with violence, who was resolved to observe an exact neu-

trality, and was "very well versed in the Theory of an Husband, or a Father"—Mr. Spectator himself, in fact, made his bow to the world from Little Britain; and his ghost, canonized and beloved, has never since left the stage.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the old *Spectator* to a reader of the present day is its admirable continuity. Number after number may be read at a sitting, on subjects ranging from Babylon to Bouts Rlmés, from Platonic Love to Rope-dancing, from "Tom, the Tyrant at the Coffee House" to the Mohocks in Fleet-street and the Tombs in Westminster Abbey; and the same rippling philosophy bears them all on, with the same equable ease. Shrewd good-humor is the keynote, their score the heart of man, "from the Depths of Stratagem to the Surface of Affectation." "Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of one's Self than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland?" This, the least wearying branch of all human knowledge, they treat of without pomposity or flippancy, and, above all, without "the least impropriety of language." They are rarely hurried or professional. They scold without heat, preach without anathematizing, satirize without bitterness; and so much of a length they are, so dexterously they oscillate between grave and gay, that one might almost talk of a Spectatorial metre. Brilliance is constitutionally intermittent, and many a newspaper has flared its unreturning way into extinction. But both Addison and Steele had talent in abundance to ballast their genius. So sure and deft was their guiding hand that the *Spectator* could without danger afford to be rather ponderous now and again with poor Budgell, could burst into a transitory limelight with poems by "a great genius not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker," and could thin itself out oc-

casionally with the namby-pambyisms of that minor poet, loyally befriended by Addison, of whom the same "great genius" was afterwards to remark:—

"Twas all the ambition his high soul
could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine
with Steele.

Even Steele himself could at times venture to thump the cushion a little more lustily than usual, and Addison enjoy a few halcyon hours of lofty criticism. In the long run all was in keeping.

It is a curiously blended personality that is the secret of it all. And first and last, what held the *Spectator* together and kept it going was the impulse and energy, the simple, frank, and understandable humanity of Richard Steele. He was now on the borders of forty, had seen and been seen by the world. Always an Irishman, he had been a Guardsman, had fought a duel, written perhaps the only play that has ever been "damned for its plety," had sought the philosopher's stone (afterwards discovered in the possession of Addison), and at one crisis risked his capital in an ingenious but unsuccessful effort to cheapen London salmon from an extortionate 5s. a pound. His was an earthly story, but it had a very real claim to a heavenly meaning. There is always in the world a numerous audience eager for such a story, and a select few not less eager to approve its sad lessons. And it is because in every sermon that Steele preached—often in haste, at length, and meanderingly—his absolute sincerity is childlike and clear; because, whenever he had need of a warning he would look within, was always self-concerned but never self-conscious, that his homilies may be tedious but are never thin and hypocritical, never hateful. Weaknesses that bring their punishment on this side of the grave are harshly judged only by the rigid mor-

alist whose rigidity must look to a hereafter for its full recognition. Swift and Macaulay, neither of them an exactly lovable man, had each his own contemptuous fling at that "rakish, wild, drunken Spark," "poor Dick," "the vilest of mankind." "He was only tolerable company when he had a bottle in his head." To be tolerable in any circumstances is not given to us all. And a man of whom it could be said warmly that he was a friend to the friendless, a father of every orphan, and the most agreeable, and the most innocent rake that ever trod the rounds of indulgence, a man, too, for whom the gallant young Lord Finch could fight but could not speak, need have no dread of the world's judgment while it remains human.

In judging Steele's contributions to the *Spectator*, the fact that on him lay the burden of getting his daily sheet out with promptitude and despatch must not be forgotten. Each was a web spun from within. The news of the day lent only a twig to fix it to. A few genuine letters from enthusiastic correspondents might be knit into a number. On one occasion a Mr. Barr, a dissenting minister, supplied a version of the "Song of Solomon" in rhymed couplets. But when supplies ran low Steele had often to write in haste, while Addison could pause and ponder and polish at leisure. If to this accident is due something of the formlessness and desultoriness, as well as the spontaneity, dash, and gusto, of Steele's work it is also an additional testimony to Addison's exquisite literary gift. For though Addison in his show-pieces could, and undoubtedly did, take his time, we know from Steele himself that he could dictate his contributions "with as much ease and freedom as anybody could write them down." Addison's was the very rare grace of facility without thinness. Style is born, not made. A man may

labor to clarify and disencumber; he cannot create his style. It is a personal emanation. And if Steele's is the warm bodily presence in the *Spectator*, the *spirituelle* is Addison's. Both were indispensable. We may talk of the *Spectator* and bless Steele; but when it comes to reading it, we read for the most part Addison. Without him—its daintiest, its airiest, keenest, wittiest, its most searching, most blandly satirical—its bouquet is gone. Steele is companionable, face to face with us, hearty and downright. Addison is the artist—subtle, economical, aloof. Steele's easy, inventive mind frequently sowed the seed, Addison brought the bloom to perfection.

The jolly, careless "sketch in chalk" in No. 2 of Sir Roger, for instance, will not bear too close a scrutiny. It is not quite of one piece; Sir Roger is as yet only a stalking horse. Addison, in No. 106, receives an invitation "to pass away a month with him in the country," and at once the Squire steps out of the page to greet us, with a presence and individuality as living and real as any in English fiction. In a dozen lines he is an old friend, in a page he is immortal. Not even Steele, who had conceived the Knight, could refuse Addison the privilege of killing him off at last "to save him from being murdered." The wonder is that either could have tolerated any kind of meddling with him. That limpid water-color, Will Wimble, again, is Addison's; his is the quintessence of the old beau, Honeycomb. The rest of the Club, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, the Batchelour of the Inner Temple, are only phantoms of the half-created. An ever-surprising purity of vision, a keen, whimsical insight, and a nimble, methodical faculty of observation characterize Addison's most trifling papers. His satire is simply a deft method of presenting his facts. He embalms the poor fly in the

flawless clarity of his prose, detesting "the authors who by obscurity take pains to be ridiculous." By some miracle his fastidiousness and sensitiveness never betray him into prudery. The thinnest ice carries him without a creak. His sharpest censure is a suave irony delivered with a fastidiously affable *songfroid*. Even in his atrocious gallery of Widows there is nothing sour, nothing vindictive. Whatever his subject, he is free from sentiment, self-possessed, and however much in earnest, in earnest with a finish. Steele's pulpitteering might sometimes convict the sinner; Addison's better served to reassure and re-establish the righteous.

"Delicacy, virtue, and modesty" were his avowed aim in his writings, but it was not merely an afterthought that added "discretion." The Secretary of State "who was born to be a Bishop," of whom it was said, too, that "when he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind," often appears in full canonicals in the *Spectator*, as also does the critic who in spite of their "horrifying habits" borrowed freely from the French, and the scholar who had written a Latin signally belauded by Boileau. To this cultured side of Addison are due the rather shallow essays on that tiresome old tandem, Imagination and Fancy, the elaborate appreciation of "Paradise Lost," and the eloquent but somewhat dispiriting description of the Pleasures of the State of Bliss we call Heaven. These, the dreams and the allegories, and the Oriental fantasies, "the saturnine" may best enjoy. "The mercurial," the other of the two categories into which Addison divided his readers, will prefer the more approachable Mr. Spec, almost sheepishly shy before strangers, open and charming to intimates, and certainly on paper "the best company in the world." This is the Addison who so frequently

deserted his Bayle's Dictionary "to go abroad in search of game," who with all his seriousness did not know what it is to be melancholy, who used to go on from Button's to sit for five hours at a stretch, and often far into the night, among his cronies at a tavern. On his own confession, it was odd and uncommon company that delighted Addison, and, fortunately for posterity, to that serene philosopher at least nine-tenths of the world must have seemed both. Nothing in life, from area to attic, from buckle to wig, that concerned social man in the social London of that most social age came amiss to him.

But far beyond everything else it was the "most beautiful Pieces in Human Nature" that never, never came amiss to the *Spectator*. Twenty thousand copies of it were sold in its heyday every morning, and Addison reckoned that each of these beguiled at least twenty readers. Of that two-fifths of a million, how many, we wonder, were of the fair sex? Without them the *Spectator* would have been Eden without Eve, Punch without Judy. Dulcinea, Hecattissa, Orestilla, and the rest, fortune and unfortunate, their dress, their manners, their morals, tongues, hair, paint, vapors, caprices, "dangers," naked shoulders, and shrunken souls were one perpetual and inexhaustible inspiration. Whether tired of marriage, irked with spinsterhood, or crossed in love, they are preached at, flattered, warned, cajoled, made fun of at least six days of the week.

This intensive culture makes the atmosphere a little spent and rarefied. "What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?" Human nature becomes a little marionettish. We step indoors to the *Spectator* into a long, low, pretty parlor, and look at the

The Times.

country and listen to the great world without from behind a window. It is getting towards evening; candles are gleaming in these teacup times. Gone beyond recall is the glorious morning of the Elizabethans. The bullion of their noble prose has been thinned and twisted into an exquisite filigree. The comparison is difficult to avoid, though not less ungracious than it is unfair. The *Spectator* deliberately set itself up to be the genial but candid physician of a sophisticated age, and even those who had no need of its advice paid tribute to its skill, the vastness of its practice, and its immense success. It cannot entirely be acquitted of nursing its public, of innocent log-rolling, of occasionally matching its morals to its advertisements. But all its main policy was based upon conviction. "Much might be said on both sides," was Mr. Spectator's famous verdict on the sign of the Saracen, and the aphorism held good for him in all problems where "virtue" was not concerned. The *Spectator* stood soundly and bravely for wholesomeness and common sense; its constant effort was to shine like a cheerful beacon above the shoals and quicksands of life, to make a scarecrow of the vicious. England, in the words of Coleridge, has been through the throes of three silent revolutions—when the professions fell from the Church; when literature fell from the professions; when the Press fell from literature. So far as literature is concerned, the *Spectator*, with all its limitations, marks high tide. Its eight volumes can be read to-day with almost as much freshness and delight as they had for their readers from one end of England to the other two centuries ago. How will our really popular contemporary journalism answer a like test two hundred years hence?

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Mrs. Jeremy's face grew more and more startled as she read the indictment to herself at breakfast. She cast a glance of loathing at the innocent piece of bread in front of her, shuddered and pushed the plate away.

"Dear," she said earnestly, looking up from her paper, "we must get some Standard Bread in at once."

"Bread," said Jeremy, looking up from his. "Certainly, dear." He pulled the board towards him and cut a large slice. "Your bread," he remarked, and held it out to her.

She looked up again in surprise and, seeing the bread, shrieked.

"I didn't ask for it, Jeremy. In fact I simply daren't touch it now. Doesn't it say anything about it in your paper?"

"What's the matter with it?" said Jeremy, taking an immense bite. "It's ordinary bread."

"It's Poison."

"Then I think you might have said so before. I've been eating it steadily for half-an-hour." He got up with dignity and stood in front of the fire. "At least you could have saved me that last bite. Doctors will tell you that it is always the last bite which is fatal. We'd better have Baby down. She might like to say good-bye to me."

"Don't be absurd. It can't really be as bad as that. Only haven't you noticed anything about the bread? I can't bear it. It suddenly seems horrid to me."

"What is there to notice in bread? I always notice if I haven't got any, and sometimes I notice if you haven't got any, but——"

"Well, there's too much starch in it, the paper says."

"That accounts for it," said Jeremy, feeling a piece. "I thought it was

simply stale. Well, tell them not to put so much in next week."

"There isn't going to be a next week. We're going to start Standard Bread to-day. You're going out on your bicycle to buy some. You'll have to go to Hillborough—they'll never have it in the village."

Jeremy prowled round the room in search of his tobacco, found it, filled his pipe, and returned to the hearth-rug.

"What is Standard Bread?" he asked between puffs.

"You won't ask when you've once eaten it. It does you twice as much good as this stuff. I'm longing to try it."

"But how is it different from this stuff?"

"It contains," said his wife, who knew it by heart now, "at least eighty per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and the semolina."

"Including *what*?" said Jeremy sharply.

"The germ and the semolina."

"Oh!" He paused for a moment. "I'm not at all sure that I like germs," he announced.

"These aren't those germs, dear," said Mrs. Jeremy soothingly. "These won't hurt you at all."

"I don't see how you know that. Besides, it's very easy to make a mistake with germs. They're tricky little things, I can tell you. The baker may think he's putting in quite a harmless one, a slight cold or something of that sort, and then, just while he's turning round for the semolina, in hops a diphtheria germ looking as innocent as you please. And, anyhow, that reminds me—I loathe semolina. We've been married two years, and you ought to know that I always refuse semolina."

Mrs. Jeremy walked over and patted his head gently.

"We'll just *try* a loaf, and if you don't like it——"

"If I don't like it I shall live entirely on nuts. You've unnerved me. I've been eating bread—except for a few months at the start—for nearly thirty years, and now you tell me suddenly that it's poison; and that unless I include eighty germs and the whole of the semolina——"

"There, there, get on your bicycle like a good boy and go into Hill-borough. I know Cobb won't have it here."

Jeremy grumbled, jumped on to his bicycle and rode off. Having arrived at the baker's he walked firmly in and gave his order.

"I want," he said "a loaf of Standard Bread."

"Standard bread, Sir?"

"Yes. There's a lot about it in one of the papers. *The Standard*, I suppose. It's a new loaf that they've invented."

"We never see the papers, 'cept a Sunday."

"To-day's Wednesday—that's awkward. We can't wait. But, after all, you're a baker; you oughtn't to want to look up things about bread in papers. It's different for me."

"What's it like?"

"I've never seen any. As far as I am informed it's just like ordinary bread, only it has to contain eighty per cent. of something which I have just forgotten." He put his hand to his head and thought. "Wait—wait—it's coming back. Microbe and tapioca . . . microbe and tapioca . . . mi——"

"Whatever——"

"No, it isn't actually that, but that's what I remember it by. Ah, now I've got it!" He cleared his throat impressively. "It's got to include the germ and the semolina. And the semolina,

mind. Now does that convey anything to you?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm wrong about the paper that invented it," said Jeremy. "Now I think of it we don't take in *The Standard*. My wife takes in somebody's *Home Dressmaker*, but it wouldn't be that. And *The Times* still only sells books. How about *Black and White* bread?"

The man scratched his head again, pulled down a dark loaf and suggested it hopefully.

"Well," said Jeremy, "some people might call it merely brown, but I suppose it's near enough. Thank you. I'll take it with me. I've got a bicycle outside."

Mrs. Jeremy received him joyfully, but her face fell when she saw the loaf.

"Why, that's *brown* bread," she cried.

"Only where it fell off the bicycle," said Jeremy.

"And inside too," said Mrs. Jeremy, cutting it open. "Ordinary brown bread."

"That's the germ," said Jeremy. "They're all brown this year. Gregarious little beggars—just like sheep the way they follow each other. Simply no individuality."

"I wonder if brown bread is all right." She broke a piece off and nibbled at it. "It is ordinary brown bread."

"Is that poison too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then let's ask cook—she knows everything . . . Oh, cook," Jeremy went on bravely, "about this new bread we're all talking of now——"

"I was just going to ask you, mum," said cook, wiping her hands on her apron. "Did you both like it? Cobb sent up a loaf to-day——"

"Darling," said Jeremy to his wife,

as he put his arm round her waist and led her to the baby's cradle, "let us all sing something together. Father is not poisoned. He lives.

Pusch.

The family is re-united and goes on."

"I *knew* there was something funny about that bread," said Mrs. Jeremy.

The baby said nothing—only smiled.

A. A. M.

THE ITALIAN CELEBRATIONS.

It is only natural that England, whose Government led the way fifty years ago in recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, should share with a special sympathy the rejoicings of memory with which the creation of that Kingdom is now being celebrated. There is, perhaps, no series of events to which Englishmen can look back with greater satisfaction in the history of Europe than the series that resulted in making Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. Thanks to Russell, Palmerston, and Gladstone, and to the traditions they inherited, England, almost alone among the States of Europe, so acted from first to last amid the dazzling escapades of Garibaldi and the diplomatic master-strokes of Cavour as to reap a harvest of honor and gratitude. Waterloo is a magnificent memory; but if Waterloo marked the close of England's long duel with a giant who seemed invincible, it marked also the beginning, or, rather, the ratifying of a rule infamous for selfishness, corruption, and cruelty over a great part of Europe. Napoleon's rule was hateful till his successors combined to make it an amiable and honorable tradition. At least, if it had not been for the recollection of that rule, and the institutions it had founded, the peoples who were put back under this ancient servitude might never have learnt to rebel. And if Waterloo ushered in that kind of *régime* for Europe, no nation suffered so cruelly as the nation that had won the triumph. It is difficult to imagine a high-spirited people

reduced to such a condition of wretchedness and misgovernment as was the lot of the English people in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. Even the spectacle of Waterloo could not romanticize their own bitter oppression.

The making of Italy leaves no such scars, and, in aiding it, England never helped indirectly the cause of tyranny. There have been few great events that have been accomplished with less bloodshed at the time, and there have been fewer of which it could be said that success brought such unqualified gain to the world. There were great sacrifices made, but they were not sacrifices of the freedom of other races. They were the sacrifices of Italians, who not only gave their blood, but, a far more difficult thing, postponed their special ideals and causes to the great aim of national unity. The greatest miracle of all was the power that combined for one purpose such diverse natures, sympathies, and talents as those that are found in the four men who between them made modern Italy. The results are seen in the nature of the rejoicings to-day. In no nation are the contrasts of riches and poverty more vivid; in no nation are the differences of North and South sharper or more difficult. Yet every Italian is recalling the same memories to-day in the same spirit of pride and patriotism, and the events of fifty years ago are a more undisputed sign and symbol of unity and concord to this nation than any event that can be clothed

with living interest and emotion in the history of any other people. No country can boast a past comparable with the past of Italy: a fact that helped to alienate Ruskin from all her modern life and interests.

When Garibaldi and Mazzini were flinging down the youth of Rome before the shameful guns of France, they felt that, if ever Italy was to come to life again, they must give her something to worship in place of the superb memories that had made Papal Rome draw half the world to her feet. That was the real fruit of the campaign of 1849; and it was, in this sense more than in any other, that 1849 was necessary to 1860. Their success was not only an inspiration for the hour, but an inspiration for the future. Italians who might look back only to frescoes, pictures, cathedrals, castles, and towers that seem to turn all modern achievements into something paltry and insignificant, have taken the more manly part of refusing to allow their imagination to be intimidated by the most tremendous past. Surrounded by the inheritance of that past, they have seen the romantic glories of their own struggle against Europe for the right to live, and they are not so full of classical and medieval poetry as to close their ears to the epic of Garibaldi and his comrades. Whatever we may think of the huge structure that is slowly throwing its audacious shadow over all the ancient treasures of Rome, it is impossible not to admire the courage with which modern Italy challenges her illustrious history. She has all the confidence and spirit of the Popes who rivalled the Cæsars, and we may hope that, with Signor Boni at her side, she will treat her treasures with a gentler hand.

Every nation needs these stimulating memories, and no nation more than one that has come into such a legacy as the legacy left by ancient Italy. It

sometimes looks as if nations may use up in a few splendid years the nervous energy that is needed for the ordinary troubles and cares of daily life. This kind of phenomenon is observable, for example, in the history of France, where a sudden blaze of vigor and imaginations is followed by long years of quiet, commonplace, and apparently effortless, existence. Some would see it also in the history of Italy, and ask whether there are successors to Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour; and whether Italian public life can be maintained at the same high level tide any more than the public life in the cities that used to burn themselves out in medieval Italy. But all these comparisons are superficial and misleading, for they ignore the difference in the conditions of national life. The problems of 1849 and 1860 were not the problems of modern Italy. The set of circumstances that called for a Mazzini and a Garibaldi have passed. When the first glory of the dawn fades into the light of common day, it is inevitable that all politics should seem impoverished, and that observers, watching a nation in the midst of quite different difficulties, should ask what is become of the race that produced heroes and martyrs who astonished the world. The difference between modern politics and the politics of the past is largely a difference of subject-matter, and the fact that men stand out less conspicuously does not mean, as pessimists often conclude, that we are breeding degenerate statesmen, but that great tracts of country that were formerly neglected are now being explored and redeemed. What a great field of human conduct and misery lies outside the world in which we watch such careers as those of Pitt, or Peel, or even Gladstone! The very nature of the work to be done means that the triumphs of the future will be less the triumphs of individuals and more the

successes of communities. Of the difficulties that beset all attempts to reconstruct national life, Italy has had more than her share. Her good fortune seemed to leave her with the miracles of 1860. The bad old political system survived Cavour by ten years, and Cavour was the one man of her founders who was still indispensable. Less than fifty years ago Rome was not the centre of Italy, but the asylum of any ruffian who defied her flag. No nation can overtake in half a century the results of centuries of bad, corrupt, and alien government. Italy put herself at a grievous disadvantage for that task when she caught the disease of her neighbors; but her mood of adventure was briefer than it has been in other countries, and she renounced

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it with a moral courage that is not often displayed. With the strange, dramatic spectacle of the trial now proceeding at Viterbo, we are not likely to forget how far-reaching and powerful are the forces of evil and disorder in a State which can still remember so vividly the rule of Pope and Bourbons. But we remember also that the fact that this dreaded society has been brought to trial shows how far Italy has advanced since the old days; and the actual achievements of modern Italy, and the temper in which, under a King who has inherited the best spirit of *The Risorgimento*, she recalls the great events to which she owes her existence, embolden us to look forward to her future with a quiet hope.

THE LOQUACIOUS STARLING.

Environment, with which we may include their "bringing up," has so great an influence upon birds that many of them not only develop peculiar characteristics but retain them throughout the lives of generations until they ultimately become hereditary. Thus the domestic pigeon, when in the country, rarely sets foot on a branch, preferring the securer perch afforded by a familiar roof, yet, with a strange perversity, this bird when living in towns, where trees are few and roofs plentiful, often goes out of its way to find the former in which it may enjoy a temporary rest. One might multiply such peculiarities to any extent. The byways of the open country afford them at every turning and there is but little doubt in my mind that it is partly on account of the fact that the instincts and habits of animals, and even plants, are continuously in a state of transition that nature study is so fascinating. That

which we call a fixed instinct or characteristic to-day is to-morrow discovered to be plastic and as sensitive to outside influences as a barometer. It is the birds which share our habitations with us which are often, in this respect, the most interesting. It is they which owe the least allegiance to Mother Nature's apron strings, and it may be owing to the fact that they have so effectually broken away from the old primitive life, and joined us in what we presume to be a higher and more go-ahead plane of evolutionary development, that we feel towards them a certain sense of comradeship. Who can say but that the London sparrow, when horses and nosebags have gone out of fashion, will not acquire a taste for petrol and axle grease? But that is by the way.

Of the many birds which have thus thrown in their lot with us, the starling is perhaps one of the most interesting. This bird has increased enor-

mously of recent years. When some of us were boys the pale-blue eggs were accorded an honored place in the collection and, speaking from memory, I do not think the bird is even mentioned in that wonderful book *White's Selborne*. For this increase all fair-minded people have cause to be thankful. Practical agriculturists, who have the prior claim to express an opinion, are unanimous in stating the fact that there is no more useful member of our avifauna—the plover perhaps excepted—than the starling. We who have no crops to protect from the ravages of the leather-jacket grub and the wireworm may also, for reasons of quite a different kind, rejoice that the starling is more numerous than it was. For my part—and speaking for the nonce as a dweller in cities, though I have good reason to appreciate this bird's services to man in matters agricultural—I like our talkative friend of the house-top best when he cheers our hearts with news of spring. In the increasing sunshine of that season of anticipations and renewed hopes, when the cold gray slates glow again in a shimmer of iridescent reds and blues, and drowsy flies are making silly little trial trips of a yard or so, as though they would thaw the memories of winter out of their awakening lives, the starling comes as a blest messenger of good tidings. He is always there, on the chimney-pot near by, deeply engrossed with the intricate notes of his vernal proclamation, which, however, in the gaiety of his heart, and with a complete indifference for almanacs, he may sing all the year round. Of course the most imaginative ear could never consider the starling's song to be anything more than what it is. In our kindest moments we must confess that the bird is not a finished artist. An odd medley of other birds' notes—often the harshest and most unmusical—a rattle of castanets, blended with

wheezy ejaculations, a hurried conglomeration of sounds which can only be described as "beaky" and an occasional long thin whistle in a sinking monotone—all uttered in the order given or in dire confusion—comprise the starling's music. It is a song that often goes unregarded by the hustling crowd below, a voice which falls unheard upon the city's din. A very busy man once told me he thanked heaven for that! But in a more sober moment he readily confessed to owning a sneaking sympathy with the Sunday morning listener who, from the bed-clothes, could hear with delight, in the dim chimney-corner, faint snatches of that incoherent babel speaking to him of the sunshine on the roof. For although the starling may lay no claim to being a "vernal evangelist," or anything of that kind, although his message may not inspire a poet's soul or inflame a lover's heart, there is a garland of refreshing memories woven in his song which, from the sooty chimney-top, speaks to the sympathetic listener below of the gladness of those green fields which lie beyond the sombre world of roofs. Not the most charming æsthetic sparrow that ever whispered in cockney accents of life and love in a waterspout could ever do half so much as that.

There is one very distinctive feature belonging to all the feathered minstrels of our house-tops, but to the starling in particular, which is, they all love the sun. They worship the sun fervently, devoutly, and everyone who knows what it is to reverence that creator and sustainer of life—and most of us do so, though we do not always know it—as Richard Jeffries, for example, revered it, must extend a hand of sympathy to our friend on the chimney-pot. For whenever we hear the wild revelry of his pagan music sink down through the roar of great cities, it must send the thoughts back in imagination to that sun-bathed atmos-

phere of peace which ever seems to sleep in the lap of the green country, and most of all in the seclusion of those dear old English gardens where lichen apple trees lean beneath the weight of kindly years, where there are borders of untended flowers, rich with their "homely cottage smile," and sun-warmed roofs under whose red-green tiles generations of little starlings have been born.

Witty and garrulous, the light-hearted starling has all the interesting attributions which belong to that race of ancient and noble lineage to which he belongs. His good humor—save when the pinch of winter makes him a little peevish with his neighbors—is in a perennial condition of effervescence. He is the jester among birds. Never at a loss for a topic with which to entertain his loquacious nature he will, with evident satisfaction, parody the

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conversations of his best friends and relations, proclaim from the housetops the gentle love secrets of the blackbird, or mimic amid the turmoil of Oxford Street the lonely cry of some moorland curlew. That he possesses a sense of humor few people who have studied his cosmopolitan ways can doubt and, like others of his tribe, he has been known to forget himself so far as to talk. Few birds could have so quickly adapted themselves to altered conditions of life as the town starling has done. Resourceful and clever to an amazing degree, he has climbed the ladder of that higher evolution which I have already mentioned with extraordinary rapidity and it seems as though he would, before very long, prove to be more than a match in the race for life for his compatriot the ubiquitous sparrow.

A. T. Johnson.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER III.—ON LEWIS CARROLL'S WORKS.*

By Viscount St. Cyres.

1. Which of the various pieces of good advice given her did Alice find it hardest to put into practice?
2. Whose performance on what instrument reminded whom of his happy youth?
3. For how many haddocks' eyes might the Aged Man have bought a remedy for one of his ailments?
4. How may the apple inside a dumpling be otherwise described?
5. Give a short and unlikely query addressed to one who has been offered undesired refreshment.
6. Which prominent character resembles in disposition which of the parts of speech?
7. Who moved even more delicately than the White Rabbit, and why?
8. In what respect did the Baker resemble the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*?
9. Who, by what transposition of a popular maxim, might have consoled the cook for the gardener's mistake?
10. What kind of an animal might Alice, who heard the Gnat talk long before she set eyes on it, have fairly imagined it to be?
11. Had the mouse possessed the talent of a dramatist, what might it have made of the Norman Conquest?
12. Whose lung capacity was inferior to the Knight Mayor's own?

*I. "Alice in Wonderland."
II. "Through the Looking Glass," and
III. "Rhyme? and Reason?" comprising
"Phantasmagoria" and "The Hunting of the Snark."

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest addition to the "Wisdom of the East" series (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is "The Bustan of Sadi." This eminent Persian mystic is already represented in the series by his "Rose Garden" but this second volume is welcome. It contains many bits of ethical wisdom which are not outworn, though they were written nearly eight hundred years ago. This sentiment on the training of sons, "A boy who suffers not at the hands of his teacher suffers at the hands of Time," suggests curiously Solomon's more terse injunction, "Spare the rod; spoil the child."

Dr. William Jewett Tucker's little volume on "The Church in Modern Society" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a suggestive and stimulating statement of the needs and possibilities of the church to-day. Dr. Tucker takes a hopeful view of the future of the church: the immediate necessities which he urges as paramount are the ministry of spiritual authority and the ministry of human sympathy. Incidentally, Dr. Tucker emphasizes both the duty which the churches owe to the immigrant, and the re-enforcement which the immigrant may be to the churches.

The recent tragic mining disasters at Throop, Pennsylvania, and Littleton, Alabama, lend special timeliness to Joseph Husband's "A Year in a Coal-Mine." This is a record of personal experiences in a coal mine in the middle West. The author, within a few days after his graduation at Harvard, began work as an unskilled workman in this mine, and for a year passed through all the adventures and hardships of the oddly-assorted gang of men engaged in working it. He encountered all the perils of the work,

—fire, explosions and the deadly gases; and he tells the story with singular directness and simplicity, with no attempt at literary embellishment. It is a story of vivid and compelling interest and every word bears the impress of truth. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) is not merely a record but itself an expression of the growing unrest among women. That Mrs. Schreiner would be extreme in her views upon this and allied subjects might safely have been predicted. She is plain-spoken to the point of daring; her style is passionate, not to say pyrotechnic. To people of calm minds it may not seem that things are in quite so desperate a condition as Mrs. Schreiner depicts them; nor that the average woman is in quite the position of parasitism which she affirms. But for those who like frenzy in argument, this is the sort of book they will like; and, after all allowance is made for exaggeration of statement and excess of emotion, there remains a residuum of truth sufficient to give pause to the thoughtful.

J. A. F. Orbaan's volume on "Sixtine Rome," published by the Baker and Taylor Company, is a detailed and diverting study of the memorials and monuments by which the impress which Sixtus V. left upon Rome may be traced. It is written in a whimsically leisurely style, which suggests a writer thoroughly in love with his subject, yet not too much so to be unable to hold it off now and then and contemplate it with an amused exaggeration of its importance. A large part of the book, naturally, is occupied with the two chief memorials of the Sixtine

era, the Sixtine chapel, and the Vatican library; but the author extends his researches in various directions, taking in panels and paintings and streets and monuments and even subjecting to scrutiny the Pope's accounts. One chapter is devoted to the Pope's architect, Domenico Fontana, and his achievements,—in particular, the transference of the obelisk of the Vatican; and another to the destruction of Septizonium. Altogether the author gives us a charming picture of sixteenth-century Rome and the thirty or more full-page illustrations add to the attractiveness of his descriptions.

Biography now-a-days, like most other things, is done in a hurry; and a really leisurely biography has come to be so rare that Frank Frankfort Moore's "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith," with its nearly five hundred octavo pages, will seem to many readers almost appalling. But whoever will take the time to read it, even cursorily, will find it a discriminating and sympathetic study of Goldsmith's life and character and a just appreciation of his writings. Mr. Moore observes reflectively, as he nears the end of his story, that if one takes a bird's eye view of the career of a man of genius, he sees without difficulty the numerous mistakes which he made, the various pitfalls into which he went headlong, and the wrong turnings which he took. The course pursued by a man of genius, he goes on to say, in his walk through the world, is usually zigzag; but one has only to draw a pen from angle to angle to straighten it out, and when one has done this one sees in a moment the track that he would have followed if he had been a man of wisdom instead of a man of genius. Mr. Moore traces this track, but he loves the man who took the zigzag path too well to wish that his life had been different lest, haply, in that case, the

world would have missed The Traveller, The Deserted Village, She Stoops to Conquer, and The Vicar of Wakefield. From his point of view the name of Goldsmith is "the best beloved in the long roll of English literature," and it is in this spirit of unmeasured yet not indiscriminating enthusiasm that this charming biography is written. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The boy whose curiosity is piqued by the title of George Cary Eggleston's latest story for boys, "What Happened at Quasi," will find, on reading the book, that a good many things happened there, and that, although some of them had a flavor of peril, the group of four school chums who participated in them emerged from their experiences of camping and cruising none the worse for their adventures. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, who publish the book, publish also this spring two other books for boys: "Dave Porter and his Rivals," the seventh volume of Edward Stratemeyer's "Dave Porter" series, in which is a fresh instalment of boarding-school athletics and other boyish experiences; and "Camp St. Dunstan" by Warren L. Eldred, in which readers who followed the spirited and humorous account of the "Crimson Ramblers" in an earlier tale will find that group of jovial youths enjoying the delights of a summer camp in Maine. The book is cleverly written. It is full of incident and also full of fun. For small girl readers, the same publishers send out "Malsie's Merry Christmas" by Nina Rhoades, containing three stories and constituting the tenth volume of the "Brick House Books"; and for older girls a new "Pansy" book, "Lost on the Trail," a tale of the far West, the small heroine of which makes her way safely through many dangers, physical and moral. A new and attractive edition of Mary Hartwell

Catherwood's story of the middle West, "Rocky Fork," comes from the same house. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill.

Professor Irving Babbitt's "The New Laokoon" is defined in its sub-title as "an essay on the confusion of the arts." It derives its first title from the fact that it is at once a discussion and an extension of Lessing's "Laokoon" published a century and a half ago. Lessing dealt with the confusion of the arts of the poet and the painter, and was thought to have dealt a death-blow to descriptive poetry. But Professor Babbitt holds that the effect of his book was much exaggerated and that in fact "the nineteenth century witnessed the greatest debauch of descriptive writing the world has ever known" and that it witnessed moreover a general confusion of the arts. Studying first the "Laokoon" as a problem of comparative literature and describing the confusion with which Lessing dealt as a pseudo-classical confusion, Professor Babbitt proceeds to consider the confusion of the arts now prevailing, which he terms a "romantic confusion," and undertakes to discover and define principles which may be opposed to it. To this interesting study he brings the fruits of years of research, reflection and class-room experience. His view is that "a clear-cut type of person" will normally prefer a clear-cut type of art or literature, and will not care for theatrical sermons, or for a play that preaches, or for an historical novel in which history is travestied without any gain for fiction, or for a symphony which depends for its comprehension upon some picture or poem, or for a painting that is a mere transposition of a sonnet, or a sonnet that is a mere transposition of a painting. Professor Babbitt promises a further expansion of these views

in a book on "Rousseau and Romanticism." Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Simon N. Patten's "The Social Basis of Religion" (The Macmillan Company) challenges attention by this conspicuously-printed preliminary dictum: "Sin is Misery; Misery is Poverty; the Antidote of Poverty is Income." This series of moral equations will scarcely pass undisputed, for if sin equals misery and misery equals poverty, does it not follow, since equals of the same thing are equal, that poverty equals sin; and, further, that, if income is the antidote of poverty it is also the antidote of sin; and, further, that the greater the affluence of an individual, the greater his virtue? But that is a conclusion which is not sustained by observation or experience. Professor Patten's work, however, is not to be disposed of by criticism of this somewhat puzzling sentence which lies upon the threshold. His book is a serious and closely reasoned statement of the problems of life and religion as related to social processes and development. Religion, he maintains, does not begin with a belief in God, but with an emotional opposition to removable evils. Social activity assumes a religious form when men recognize that they sink through degeneration and may rise again through regeneration. "So long as men hope to be better and fear to become worse, religion cannot die out." And the conclusion which he reaches is that "A movement in thought is coming that will force religion to discard traditions and dogmas that separate it from other social ideals. The blending of all social aspirations is but a matter of time. When it comes, social religion will have its full growth and be the expression of the forces that up-build men and make social thought dominant."

